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CURRENT COMMENT.

THERE is no news. The head-lines and front pages are full of happenings; but they have all been so confidently and definitely expected, that they can hardly be called news, unless the rising of the sun or the procession of the seasons could be called news. The French Government is at loggerheads with the British; there are serious anti-Governmental disturbances in Italy; the economic revolution in Germany seems likely to push political republicanism still closer to the wall; the British miners are to the fore again with their idea of nationalization, and the Government is again negotiating to avert a strike; the British Coalition Liberals, faced with Mr. Asquith on the front Opposition bench, seem to have made up their mind against going on with their war-time partners, and Mr. Lloyd George appears to be in consequence something like a day's march nearer home.

It is interesting now, in view of the present course of events, to recall the following official pronunciamento which was handed out so short a while ago, for the delectation of the righteous:

The Allies can not enter into diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government, in view of their past experiences, until they have arrived at the conviction that the Bolshevik horrors have come to an end, and that the Government at Moscow is ready to conform its method and diplomatic conduct to those of all civilized governments.

Fudge, brethren!—fiddle-de-dee! The communications put out by the Soviet Government (which, by the way, the Allied Governments always appear notably reluctant to publish) do not show the slightest interest in diplomatic relations, or in conforming its diplomatic conduct to any standard but its own. What the Soviet Government wants is trade; and it is getting trade in gratifying volume. As long as the Soviet Government can get the solid substance of international relations, it probably is quite willing to let the diplomatic trimmings go freely as a sop to the pious; especially since mousing around in the archives of the Tsar's Foreign Office gave the new régime such an illuminating experience of what "the diplomatic conduct of all civilized governments" really is.

At all events, it is a considerable change in the landscape to see the scarecrow shifted from the bean-patch and put among the corn. The menace of Bolshevism in Germany is now much more immediate and appalling than it was in Russia. So the newspapers say, and they ought to

know. General Maurice declares that the turn in the German revolution makes the need for peace with Russia more imperative than ever. There it is; just when we get our backs all arched and our spines stiffened for eternal resistance to Lenin and Trotzky and all their works, some inconvenient thing like the German affair happens along and we have to square away hurriedly in a new position. Shall we have to do the Lusk Committee business and the deportation-business all over again from a new angle, now that the original objective has more or less petered out and vanished? There is something rather ignominious about all this, but no doubt it can be managed. The ability of American office-holders to make fools of themselves can be depended on to meet any conceivable emergency.

In support of this view, the following letter from a firm of Canadian customs-brokers is worth reprinting:

... Canadian big business is much gratified with what they consider to be the broad-minded and tactfully correct attitude of the British Foreign Office on this question. No doubt the British Government feels quite as much opposed to the present regime in Russia as does the State Department, but they are evidently not allowing this point of view to befog their vision. They know that the world can never be brought to a peace basis as long as the trade-blockades exist, and that is at least one of the many reasons why Britain will doubtless pick the biggest plum from the tree, and be the first country to open trade relations with Russia. In this event my firm, as well as other large forwarding firms in Canada, will be prepared to receive from American manufacturers who wish to trade with Russia, shipments by way of Canada re-manifesting them to their destination—European Russia. If you will pardon the frankness of my remarks, I consider that the attitude of the United States Departments in regard to what they consider to be the "red" peril, is rather an hysterical one. We are facing now the results of a world war which has shaken the foundations of society. The cost of living is soaring, thousands of men have been released from the service and are facing grave difficulties, the action of the exchange-market makes one's head swim, and it is but natural that there should be social unrest. In England and in Canada we are trying to get to the bottom of it all and to ameliorate it if possible. The United States is trying to stamp out all discontent, not by understanding, but by force, by deportations, by arrests. This sort of thing has led them to show more than average hostility toward the re-opening of trade with Russia, and if continued will not only operate against the best interests of the American people, but against the resumption of peaceful relations throughout the world.

THE squabble between the French and British Governments is merely the proverbial and inevitable falling-out among thieves. Brother Barthou, in interpellating his Government, made serious personal reflections upon Mr. Lloyd George, and upon the British Government's disposition to leave France high and dry in her plans for the permanent acquisition of German territory, and generally speaking, to let her whistle for her share of the loot. He intimated in so many words, what must have been clear to anyone during the last few months, that England will make some satisfactory recognition of the Russian Soviet Government as soon as her plans for trading with Russia are perfected. Next day came the tidings that France is to reorganize her army to play a lone hand against Germany if England, Italy, and the United States continue to be lackadaisical about enforcing the terms of the peace-treaty. It remains to be seen whether the French Government can find within its borders an

army available for this purpose, as the industrial population of France is quite strongly for keeping hands off the German revolution, and the French generally, like other people, are less responsive in these days to *la gloire* and are distinctly averse to further taxation for military purposes. hTough of course there are always the Senegalese for Marshal Foch to fall back on in time of need. This is far from a sneer; one remembers how, the other day, it somehow crept into the reports of the fighting in and about Constantinople that the French wounded were Senegalese and the British wounded were natives of the Punjab. No wonder the colonial system is worth keeping.

A READING of the week's news from Poland is calculated to produce feelings compounded of horror at what is happening, and impatience at the sheer futility of the sacrifice. Some two months ago, the Russian Soviet Government reiterated its former declarations in recognition of the independence and sovereignty of the Polish Republic, and offered to enter immediately into negotiations for the "friendly settlement of all disputes and questions outstanding between Poland and Russia." At that time, according to the statement of General Tasker H. Bliss, Polish forces were in control of a district extending "from 280 to 380 kilometers east of the boundary fixed by the peace conference." The Supreme Council had already announced the new Allied policy of trading with the Russian co-operatives, and the Baltic conference at Helsingfors had shown that Estornia, Latvia and Lithuania were indifferent towards the Polish proposals for a general offensive against Soviet Russia. Certainly then the Bolshevik Government was in a position to wait for Poland to sue for peace; or to launch against the Poles an offensive that would dispose finally of the last formidable enemy remaining in the field. And yet the Moscow authorities themselves made pacific advances to this victorious but now isolated and easily conquerable enemy, and offered to let the Polish armies hold, as a gage during the proposed negotiations, the extensive Russian territory they had overrun. It is unbelievable that the authorities at Warsaw could have hoped to jockey themselves into a better position than this; but their reply to Russia, when it was finally made, was so high-handed in character that it could not but result in a breaking-off of the tentative negotiations. One would say that in the nature of things there can be only one possible explanation of this action on the part of the Polish Government: Poland still gets orders from Paris; and these orders, like those that sent American troops into battle on Armistice Day, have not yet been changed to suit the change in circumstance. The Bolsheviks are enemies of the French, and of course one fights one's enemies to the very end, even if it costs the lives of all one's friends.

THE Swedish Cabinet which recently resigned was a coalition of Liberals and Socialists, formed in 1917. During the war this coalition was supported by all parties, but with the end of the emergency period has come the long expected fall of the Ministry. A somewhat confused political situation now obtains. Failure attended an attempt to form a cabinet made up wholly of Liberals, and the Conservative leaders have refused to take office, knowing that their party would be in a minority in Parliament. The only course left was to invite Hjalmar Branting, the Socialist leader, to form a ministry. This will be no easy task, as several of the leading right-wing Socialists are not eligible for office, and some of the others are so unpopular with the more radical members of the party, that a wholesale desertion to the left wing is likely to follow their appointment to office. Moreover when the Cabinet is formed, its path will not be easy, for the Socialists, though they hold more seats in the Parliament than any other single party, do not number an absolute majority in either House. This want of a majority will make it especially hard for Mr. Branting and his colleagues to carry out their programme.

SENATOR France's intimation of a possible third party "to express the aspirations of millions of Americans who now demand restoration of their liberties," comes in very well after the declaration of another Senator that the Republican and Democratic parties are without difference. A third party would be useful this year if it would consent to take its stand on the very few questions common to all dissenting elements, and on those only. A party which could combine the forces of all who are disaffected on both political and economic grounds, and establish itself on a programme as simple and fundamental as that of the Committee of Forty-eight—civil rights, natural-resource monopoly, and public ownership—would undoubtedly succeed in laying down a real issue and laying it down to stay until it was settled. It could not, without a miracle, elect its candidate, but it could do much to clarify thought and make specific a public demand; and this educative process is just now much more valuable than carrying elections. It is likely, however, that each of the disaffected elements will be too intent upon the minutiae of its own special interest to see the value of combination upon a programme which compromises by mutual sacrifice all non-essential or non-fundamental measures; a programme of principle, in short, rather than of detail. Thus the opposition to the Republican-Democratic forces is likely to be divided and nullified, and no issue drawn except the fictitious issues drawn by the major parties for electioneering purposes. One may hope for better things, of course—one may always hope—but one may not quite expect them.

THE question of the tariff has not been wholly neglected by the candidates who are showing their faces before apathetic audiences in districts where the prestige of the old, historic parties is seriously threatened. General Wood has, indeed, had the temerity to tell us what kind of tariff we want; and that is something no mere politician would pretend to tell us, for the tariff is a very peculiar fiscal mechanism which never works in practice as it does in theory. "We want a tariff to protect American industries that are essential to America," says the intrepid General, "not a tariff to protect industries which are artificial and whose protection adds to the living-cost of our people." From this it is evident that we want a tariff that does not protect; for a tariff that will not add to the living-cost of our people is a tariff that will not protect any kind of American industry, essential or artificial. Doubtless the General will learn more about the tariff the nearer he draws to his goal. He may not know now that the word tariff is derived from *Tarif*, who in the eighth century landed in Spain in command of an advance guard of Moorish invaders, and founded there a colony, named *Tarifa*, whose history for long periods was full of the adventurous interest peculiar to piracy. *Tarifa* had a hospitable habit, and the pirates who infested the shores of the Mediterranean found it often enough a place of refuge and a convenient market for their ill-gotten merchandise.

THE pirates were quite open and above-board about this, nor did they get the town at all in bad repute, for during a long period their thrifty enterprise was not regarded with disfavour by even the most Christian governments. David Hannay, the author of many interesting works on Spain, says:

In the decay of Spain her navy was not to be feared. But it was not the commercial policy of Spain alone which helped the pirate. Great Britain, and France also, insisted that their colonists should trade exclusively with or through them. The colonists were always ready to buy 'good cheap' from the smuggler, and never ask him whether the East Indian produce—tea, silk, spices and so forth—he offered for sale, were purchased or plundered in the Red Sea or on the coast of Malabar or of Coromandel. Add to all this that the police and patrol work of regular navies was but superficially done even in peace, and hardly at all in war, and that in the British colonies there was no judicial machinery for trying pirates till the eleventh and twelfth years of

William III (1700-1), and it will be seen that all the conditions favoured the pirate.

During the nineteenth century, however, the governments worked very hard to clear the seas of pirates, and were largely successful. Save during such periods of warfare as we have experienced for the past six years, it is fairly safe to take a sea voyage. Unfortunately, clearing the seas of pirates drove them ashore to ply their thriving industry with the consent of government upon their unsuspecting fellow-countrymen and again the mainspring of their career goes by the euphonious term, tariff, from Tarifa, the place founded by the famous Moorish general named Tarif, who led the invasion into Spain in the eighth century.

THERE is no disputing the proposition that parliamentary government either does or does not enable the people who live under its ægis to direct public affairs according to their liking. Holding by the first alternative, the liberals who believe that the future of society is hidden in some Portia's casket of politics are of course greatly concerned to keep the mechanism of choice in order. Most radicals hold in common with the liberals the belief that sooner or later something must be done, but when the means of doing it come to be discussed, the radicals are likely to subscribe to the downright tory doctrine of political futilitarianism. As far as the radical is concerned, this judgment is productive of indifference or positive opposition to all efforts to rebuild and redecorate the political machine. But no radical can for the life of him explain the indifference with which the tories regard the disillusionment of the people with respect to politics. If the tories do not want anything done, and do not believe that the politicians will ever get anything done, then why, asks the radical, do they not give all their attention to keeping the citizenry interested in the "busy work" of the political kindergarten? What else but sheer stupidity can prompt the tories to take over the genuinely radical task of explaining about Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the Stork? The answers wait on tory wisdom. But whatever the reason may be, it is certain that the tories themselves have been of all people the most active in the work of disillusioning the people about politics. The effort to scourge the five Socialist assemblymen out of the political temple at Albany is a case in point. Whether this effort succeeds or not is of little moment; the educational value of the attempt will be much the same in either case. If the radicals had all the resources of torydom at their command, they could hardly have put through a more effective bit of propaganda.

It is not alone in the field of politics that the tories go laboriously and in all earnestness about the business of disillusioning the people. Organized labour's activities have perhaps received at least as much attention as politics—though here too the tories work against themselves in an indirect and backhanded fashion. One of the most helpful and treasonable of these tory activities is the maintenance of the *agent provocateur*. It is the duty of these agents to stir up the employer to such excesses of repression that the workingmen will appear to be justified if they in their turn resort to measures far from mild. Mr. Gary's activities at the President's Industrial Conference will serve as a case in point. If ever a man strove to persuade the employers so to goad the workers that the latter would have no choice but to strike back, that man was Mr. Gary. If he had been in the pay of the I. W. W. he could not have done more to make repression appear intolerable and resistance inevitable. In this same cause General Wood has been well-nigh as serviceable as Mr. Gary. Indeed the General's activities during the steel strike furnish a notable example of what a volunteering *provocateur* can do to stir up the employing class against the workers. And now as a competitor with these two notable fomenters of repression there comes Stephen C. Mason, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, armed with the statement that

"the only true American standard is the open shop, with equal opportunity to all"! The Communists must have rattled their claims when they read that creed. They know that for each step the N. A. of M. takes to the right hand, the A. F. of L. must take a full step to the left. They know—just as Mr. Mason must know—that a general denial of collective bargaining means general warfare along the whole labour-front. The "model employer" does not want war, any more than Mr. Gompers wants it. But the Communists want it, and if they can only get enough Garys, Woods, and Masons on their side they may have some show of getting it.

MISS HUGHES' paper on "The Manufacture of Mediocrity," published elsewhere in this issue, clearly shows in its latter paragraphs the chief reason why the profession of teaching has come to be so unattractive. All the reader has to do is to put himself in the teacher's place. Would he tolerate, could he possibly contemplate with equanimity and acquiescence, what Mayor Hylan the other day so excellently called an "exasperating and unwarranted supervision"? Hardly. The public schools and the state colleges and universities are a part of the civil service; the private schools are controlled by trustees who, as a rule, know nothing about education but who know very well what they want taught and how they want it taught. The consequence is an inflexible confiscation of opinion and regimentation of ideas, wholly irrespective of their logical quality. The attitude of the New York Board of Education and its supervising agents is typical, and it is precisely the attitude taken by Lord Peter towards his brethren, in the "Tale of a Tub." No teacher worth his salt could maintain his enthusiasm for his work or his respect for his profession under such conditions. Could the reader do it?

MEXICO may need to be "cleaned up," but if she has many administrators like Mayor Eduardo Ramos of Mexicali she will do her scouring without the assistance of Anglo-American oil and newspaper magnates. A week ago 1,500 Mexicans, in response to an advertisement, crowded to see a fight between a lion and a bull. The king of the jungle, borrowed from the Amerongen of a carnival company, turned pacifist and, despite prodding and cajolery, declined to enter the ring. Whether he was too proud to fight the Associated Press saith not, but it was obvious that the bull could not fight alone. The projector of the soirée offered two straight bull fights and a boxing contest but the frustrated audience protested. The impresario was arrested and the wise alcalde fined him \$500 "for violating promises to the public." Of course these unenlightened trans-Rio Grande barbarians are possessed of vain notions and have no sense of a white man's justice, yet we may detect a grain of suggestion in their crudeness. If the Federal Board for Vocational Education were on trial before Mayor Ramos, the wounded soldier might get his due if not his bonus. If the officials of the various public service corporations—especially those operating in the first city of the world—faced Mayor Ramos, we might get human treatment in subways and intelligent replies to telephone calls. If the Broadway managers who obtain \$3.30 from thousands of come-ons every night were arraigned before Mayor Ramos. . . . But wait until President Leonard Wood sends an expeditionary force into Mexico, and see how the moral tone of the Mexican will rise to harmonize with our own!

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE RECOGNIZED IRISH REPUBLIC.

FOR Americans, the question of Irish independence is not a question of British municipal affairs. It is no longer even an Irish question. It has become an American question of the first order. Since 6 June, 1919, when the Congress of the United States, acting under its constitutional authority, recognized the Irish Republic and intervened at the peace conference in its behalf, the question has wholly changed character in American eyes. No longer have we primary concern with the fortunes of Ireland; our first business is to see to it that constitutional action, taken in behalf of Ireland by our representatives in Congress, be not finally nullified and overridden by the Executive. Interest in Ireland is one thing; the defence of our own institutions and institutional methods is another. There may be two minds about helping Ireland; there can be only one about resisting arbitrary and anarchical Executive interference with constitutional processes of government.

The Irish Republic was proclaimed 24 April, 1916; it was ratified by the Irish people seven months later. On 4 March, 1919, the House of Representatives passed the following resolution by a vote of 216 to 41:

That it is the earnest hope of the Congress of the United States of America, that the Peace Conference now sitting in Paris and passing upon the rights of the various peoples will favourably consider the claims of Ireland to self-determination.

Three months later, on 6 June, 1919, the Senate passed the following resolution, one Senator, and but one, voting against it:

That the Senate of the United States earnestly requests the American Plenipotentiary Commissioners at Versailles to endeavor to secure for Eamonn de Valera, Arthur Griffiths, and Count George Noble Plunkett, a hearing before the said Peace Conference, in order that they may present the cause of Ireland, and resolved further, That the Senate of the United States expresses its sympathy with the aspirations of the Irish people for a government of its own choice.

Here the Congress of the United States did three things. It accepted jurisdiction; it recognized the competent standing of the Irish Republic before an international tribunal; and it strongly and sympathetically recommended favourable action on the part of that tribunal. The Senate even went so far as to recommend by name, as representing the cause of Ireland, those three delegates, and those only, who had been chosen to appear before the peace conference by the Republic of Ireland. The Congress clearly could have done none of these things except upon acceptance of the claim of the Irish Republic to the status of freedom and sovereignty. Hence, the Congress not only recognized the Irish Republic, but exercised intervention in its behalf at the peace conference. It must be remembered that there is no established formula in international practice for the recognition of new States. The United States has usually recognized by implication. France recognized our independence by implication. The Soviet Government of Russia is on its way to similar recognition all round. The whole course of precedent is on the side of the United States Congress in determining the effectiveness of its recognition of the Irish Republic and of its intervention in behalf of the republican cause.

Moreover, the whole course of precedent (barring the one case of President Roosevelt's recognition of Panama) is on the side of the Congress in determining its right to take initial action in the premises.

The Executive may and does recognize changes of government within an established State; but the Congress alone has power to recognize a new State as free and sovereign. Monroe and Jackson interrogated the Congress on this point, and accepted the authority of the Congress as governing their procedure. When the question was brought up again in 1864, when Abraham Lincoln was President, a report was adopted in the House which stated:

This assumption is equally novel and inadmissible. No President has ever claimed such extensive authority. No Congress can ever permit its expression to pass without dissent. It is certain that the Constitution nowhere confers such authority upon the President. . . . It is not known that hitherto the President has ever undertaken to recognize a new nation or a new Power not before known in the history of the world and not before acknowledged by the United States, without the previous authority of Congress.

Nevertheless, in 1919, the Executive ignored the action of the Congress in the matter of the Irish resolution and by so doing held the authority of the Congress in contempt. Five days after the Senate resolution was adopted, Mr. Frank P. Walsh called the attention of the Executive to the Congressional action. Mr. Walsh has given testimony before the Senate Committee that President Wilson refused to countenance the matter—and on what grounds, good heavens!—because he had entered into a personal engagement with the British, French and Italian Premiers, requiring unanimous consent to the appearance of any small nation before them! According to Mr. Walsh's testimony, Mr. Wilson said:

That is an official request, Mr. Walsh. Of course you should understand that no small nation of any kind has yet appeared before the Committee of Four, and there is an agreement among the Committee of Four that none can come unless unanimous consent is given by the whole Committee.

Thus the Executive, of his own motion, on his own authority, and by his own explicit admission, went into connivance with the representatives of foreign Powers upon terms which compelled him to disregard and disallow the action of the Congress of the United States. Has the Congress anything to say about this; and if not, have the people whose representatives they are, and upon whose urgent demand they took their official action with respect to the Irish Republic, anything to say to the Congress? If this display of insatiable egotism and matchless impudence were made upon the theory of divine right or upon some similar pretension to natural superiority, it would still give ample ground for the most summary action; but when made by a mere servant, a mere hired man, whose only function, if he has a function, is to do diligently and obediently what he is told to do by Constitutional direction, it means either that his action be promptly repudiated and nullified or else that the Congress has abdicated its Constitutional place and function.

Who was President of the United States in the year 1864? A man, certainly, whose title to respect and regard from posterity seems good. In December of that year, he too, undertook on his own motion to make a little explanation to the Government of France concerning a resolution of the Congress respecting Maximilian's performances in Mexico. The House of Representatives immediately administered by resolution this severe rebuke:

Congress has a constitutional right to an authoritative voice in declaring and prescribing the foreign policy of the United States, as well in the recognition of new Powers as in other matters; and it is the constitutional duty of the Executive to respect that policy not less in diplomatic negotiations than in the use of the national forces when authorized by law; and the propriety of any declaration of foreign policy by Congress is sufficiently proved by the vote which

pronounces it; and such proposition while pending and undetermined is not a fit topic of diplomatic explanation with any foreign Power.

The effect of the present Executive's agreement with the other representatives in the Committee of Four, was to compromise Ireland's claim to freedom and sovereignty, in favour of some sort of colonial policy on the part of England. While the Congress had intervened in behalf of Irish freedom and sovereignty, the Executive intervened against it and so far, has prevailed. Setting up his own will and predictions against not only the expressed will of the Congress but also the full current of American tradition, everything that the Executive could do, short of maintaining armed forces in Ireland—he has not done that—has been done towards the extinction of the Republic and the furtherance of the British Government's purposes over Ireland. The silence of the Congress has permitted the representation of his policy to go before the American and Irish people, and, still more important, before the British people, as the unchallenged official policy of the United States. The ancient tradition of the United States is that of sympathy and assistance towards peoples struggling into emergence as new States. James Monroe refused to take part in any discussion of the case of the South American republics, which tended towards anything short of their complete independence. England proposed to restore them to Spain upon a colonial basis, with commercial freedom; Monroe flatly declined to have anything to do with this specious project. He said:

Our policy here has been to throw the moral weight of the United States in the scale of the colonies. . . . Our ports were open to them for every article they wanted, our good offices are extended to them with every Power in Europe, and with great effect.

Such was our policy for more than a century. But that which now passes by default for our official policy towards the Irish Republic, is precisely opposite to this. The Executive, the successor to James Monroe, has done all in his power to throw the moral weight of the United States against the Irish Republic, and he has extended no good offices to Ireland with any Power in Europe, but has connived explicitly and in defiance of the Congress, with the British Government against its freedom and its sovereignty. The English people are well acquainted with our traditional policy; how, then, under these circumstances, are they to become aware that the people of the United States consider it applicable to Ireland, and do not acquiesce with the Executive in the British Government's view of Ireland's struggle as an unjustifiable rebellion and riot?

This situation, so intolerable in its unconstitutional-ity and in its character so alien and repugnant to American tradition, can be set right and that speedily and without let or hindrance from the Executive. Last month the Senate passed still another resolution, incorporating the independence of Ireland as an essential part of the peace-treaty. There is now a bill before the House providing an appropriation to maintain a diplomatic representative to the Irish Republic; and if this were passed, it would go a long way to make clear the sound and traditional American position in this case, and to vindicate the Constitutional authority of the Congress. In the event of further military atrocities in Ireland, the Congress could denounce, and should promptly denounce, our existing commercial treaties with England, precisely as our treaties with Russia were denounced in 1911 on account of discrimination against the Jews. We have

quite as many citizens of Irish blood as we had Jewish at that time, and their relation to Irish affairs is quite as close and intimate. The Congress can suspend the neutrality-laws; it can claim payment of England's debt to the United States. There are many competent and effective ways in which it can repudiate and defeat the usurpation of the Executive, and decisively back up its own action of last year in behalf of the Irish Republic.

If it did so assert its authority, one of the most important consequences would be to show to the British people that our own traditions are the same as theirs and that our respect for them is as great as theirs. By permitting the Executive policy towards Ireland to pass as official and final, we are misleading the English people by furnishing their governing class and their Government and its propagandists a talking-point of immense value. The tradition of the English people, the thing that ought really to unite, and in the end must unite, the American people with them, is the tradition of liberty. So strong is this tradition in them, and so great their regard for it, that it has been all that their Governments could possibly do to mislead it and hoodwink it and make it ineffectual. It is to this tradition and this regard that our people can appeal, and upon this they can erect a common understanding. The kind of Anglo-American alliance so freely talked about in certain quarters to-day, deserves only derision; there is no such thing. It is only an alliance of Governments, of Tory-Federalists, of imperialists. There is nothing traditionally English, nothing traditionally American, about all this; and the recommendations for it are, to the right-minded of both countries, disgusting humbug. But there is a tradition in both countries, abundantly vindicated in both, to which the people of both can whole-heartedly cleave, and in so doing, can bring about an indissoluble unity of spirit. The tradition of liberty, which the English people have consistently and continually struggled to maintain, is the tradition of Paine and Jefferson and can never be wholly bred out of Americans, no matter what governments, imperialists, Tory-Federalists and all their agencies and institutions, may do. It is to this tradition and to our practical regard for it, that this case of the Irish Republic finally reverts. The Congress, acting under great pressure, has functioned, and its will has been defeated and nullified by the unconstitutional action of the Executive. Left to itself, Congress will go no further. It is for the American people, not the Irish-Americans but those who are born into the tradition of Paine and Jefferson, to see to it, and see to it promptly and decisively, that Congress does go further in backing up its own stand, reasserting effectively its own constitutional status and authority, and at the same time vindicating and upholding the true Anglo-American tradition.

THE LONG AND STRONG PURSE.

JUST what is the point of all the fuss which is being raised at present over campaign-funds? Some of the newspapers even abuse General Wood's supposititious million-dollar slush-fund as though it were disgraceful that he should have so much; and Senator Borah is introducing a bill into the Senate, to enlarge the scope of the Corrupt Practices Act in such a way as to cover candidates for the Presidential nomination, and limit their outlay to something like half a million dollars each. In the course of a public statement, he estimated the total expenditure, for both parties, in

the current preliminary skirmish for delegates, at about six million dollars.

The public, however, does not seem very much worked up over the iniquity of campaign-funds, and to the eye of reason, its lack of interest appears justified. Senator Borah's way with the matter is the way of the liberal and the reformer. He first denounces and deplores, and then proposes to pass a law; another law, added to the rubbish-heap or kitchen-midden of nearly one hundred thousand laws now on the statute-books. Mr. Borah is a legislator of experience; he knows how laws are made and is personally aware of the usual circumstances and conditions of their making. It is impossible therefore, to assume that he takes this new project of his very seriously, or expects that our regular campaign-practice will be essentially changed or modified in case it succeeds. His proposition does no harm, as far as one can see; it is an innocent gesture; but its practical effect, like that of any sumptuary law, will be merely to increase the resourcefulness of those who will evade it. No law of the kind was ever devised, none will ever be devised, through which any one whose while it were worth to do so, might not drive a coach and four; nay, one could shoot the moon through it. The only practical recommendation for Mr. Borah's measure is, possibly, that it brings the American people a little nearer the point where they will revise their naive and indolent faith in law, and in the power of law to get itself obeyed. If it does this to whatever degree, the Senator's energy will not be wholly wasted.

But why should Senator Borah, reasons of partisanship aside, even appear to begrudge General Wood his million dollars? Political government exists primarily for the maintenance of privilege; for the conversion of certain forms of public property to private monopolization; and by consequence, for the economic exploitation of one stratum of society by another. The beneficiaries of political government therefore—specifically those who benefit by natural-resource monopoly, tariffs, concessions, franchises, and the like—must and should contribute to those incidentals of its upkeep which are otherwise not provided for. They always will, by one means or another, so contribute. They are altogether business-like about it, and do not measure a candidate by his party-affiliations, they leave all that to the public; they themselves measure him strictly by his potential usefulness to privilege. The Republican and Democratic parties are one and the same thing, since beneath whatever superficial differences they may periodically trump up for display-purposes, they are heartily unanimous in their economic doctrine; and the beneficiaries of political government are, of all people in the country, best aware of this. Their interests, at this juncture, would be best served by the election of General Wood. They would have the least trouble and the best service from him. He has the qualifications for the kind of effective popularity that still attracts to a military candidacy in this country. He knows nothing of economics, judged by his public utterances; judged by his record, he is mechanically and automatically reactionary, and can therefore be depended upon to express immediately and effortlessly the imperialist and militarist view of any public question. Hence it is by no means surprising, but on the contrary quite proper and natural that General Wood's candidacy should attract large amounts of money. He is the best investment on the market. Mr. Hoover is the ablest reactionary now

before the public; but his ability rather discounts him. What is really needed is an automaton; and the next best thing available is General Wood. Moreover, Mr. Hoover, like Mr. Palmer, stands, in respect to his record, a little too close to economic issues to be wholly serviceable. General Wood is entirely clear of these; he never, as a matter of public record, touched one in his life; and moreover, he has the *ad captandum* talking-point of a military man, with which to distract attention from economic questions. Why, then, should any one seriously pretend to be shocked by the size of his campaign-fund? People take the world as they find it; and why should any beneficiary of privilege be expected to have scruples about chipping in liberally for General Wood's candidacy, considering the highly precarious position of privilege all over the world?

If Mr. Borah, however, or any other public-spirited person really wishes to see campaign-funds dry up at their source, let him move to abolish privilege. If tariffs, natural-resource monopoly, franchise, and the like, were non-existent, there would be no campaign-funds because, as we now know them, there would be no campaigns. The great interest, the tempting interest, which is now so fruitful of campaign-money, would disappear. As the slang of the street goes, there would be nothing in it. Lincoln Steffens used to tell of participating in a discussion of the responsibility for original sin. Some put the blame on Adam, some on Eve, some on the devil. Steffens, being free from any theological bent, or bias, blamed the apple. He said, with a good show of reason—which should at least make a strong appeal to Prohibitionists—that if the apple had not been there, nothing would have gone wrong. Privilege may be pointed out to Mr. Borah as the apple in the political Eden. If he will get it taken away, his candidates will walk blamelessly, and untempted, and the devil (if General Wood's subscribers will consent to the allegory on the understanding that it is for purely literary purposes) will betake himself elsewhere.

NAVALISM AND THE LEAGUE.

It is hard to believe that any one could be naive enough to imagine at any time that the question of the reduction of armaments rested with the League of Nations, and that ratification of the treaty would count one way or the other with the military and naval expenditure of the great Powers. One sometimes reads apologetic editorials which place the blame for the crushing burden of armaments upon the Senate, but a few facts should easily dispose of this preposterous notion. The first is that the treaty was signed on 28 June, 1919, three months after the British Government had introduced naval estimates of \$746,000,000 for 1919-20. When the original estimate was presented to the House of Commons, in March, 1919, there had been over four months of armistice, during which time the navies of Germany and Austria were out of commission; now they have ceased to exist. No longer can it be said that the navalism of Germany and Austria is a menace to Christian civilization. Furthermore, there is the extraordinary fact that the appropriation for the new United States Navy in the fiscal year 1919 amounted to no less than \$1,573,384,061. Of course, certain war-commitments were included in these estimates; but the ratification of the treaty in the hour after the Senate was permitted to see it, would not have affected the estimates and programmes introduced in the last fiscal year.

If the public were in a mood to call the Administration up on the carpet and demand an explanation of the enormous sums spent this past year on the navy, and insist upon a reason for our entering into naval competition with Great Britain, there would be no such nonsense written as this:

"It will be vain to hope for the reduction of armaments and the scaling down of taxation. Peace will be an idle dream, civilization a dubious experiment, liberty a hazard, if the United States rejects the covenant of the League of Nations, condemning it without test or trial."

The day before the publication of this editorial utterance, the same paper, commenting on the annual report of Secretary Daniels, puts this question of armaments into its proper setting. The editorial tells us:

The Armistice having been signed, it was decided to go over the plans for the twelve capital ships of the three years' program and revise them in the light of naval lessons of the war. Admirals Griffin, Taylor and Earle were sent abroad to consult with the British, French and Italian Admiralties in the spring of 1919. . . . Upon the return of Admiral Griffin and his associates, the General Board heard their report and decided that the battleships should be "completed as expeditiously as possible, and that future designs of battleships should depend upon further development in battleship construction."

This is more to the point, and has the right ring of the armament-business. But what effect would the ratification of the treaty have had upon this decision of the General Board? The programme had to be carried out whether the treaty were ratified or scrapped; and so long as there are people who depend for their living, with a few other desirable things thrown in, on the manufacture of armaments, "peace will be an idle dream, civilization a dubious experiment, liberty a hazard." That is the plain fact at the root of the whole matter.

The decision of the General Board means that naval disarmament must, at any rate, be put off until 1924. Chairman Butler of the Naval Appropriations Committee, says, "if the building plan authorized in this bill is carried out, the United States in 1924 will have a navy equal in strength and value to any navy in the world." Of course; and the ratification of the treaty would not have checked this plan, because the League was not formed for that purpose. With the navies of the Central Powers out of the way there was no necessity for a League to do what can be done by the Allies if they have—as they have not—a scintilla of confidence in one another. Indeed the writer of the editorial that dealt with the report of Secretary Daniels does not seem to be led astray by any dreams about peace, civilization and liberty, for he remarks that "there is one division of her navy in which Great Britain may be easily superior unless the United States keeps pace with her, and that is the aviation division." He adds, "No modern navy can be really formidable and ready to take the offensive at once unless it maintains a strong fleet in the air as well as on the sea." Does keeping pace mean that we shall have to find the money for aircraft of sufficient strength to cover our twelve new battleships which Great Britain "would not be able to match"? The one editorial seems to have been written by the naval editor, a realist, and the other by the morality-editor, a sentimentalist.

The naval estimates of the British Government for the year 1920-21 were introduced by the First Lord of the Admiralty in the House of Commons only a few days ago—by a curious coincidence, on St. Patrick's Day—and, as usual, the First Lord, in accordance with the democratic procedure of the British

Parliament, made his statement face to face with the representatives of the people. Of course he deplored naval competition with the United States, just as a few years ago Mr. Winston Churchill deplored naval competition with Germany. But this is a mere perfunctory exordium, always fired off by First Lords of the Admiralty, much as a hungry man says grace. After this Mr. Long said that Britain's traditional policy of maintaining a fleet of a two-power standard would be strictly adhered to; and with this policy in view, estimates were introduced for this fiscal year amounting to \$422,000,000, an increase of about \$140,000,000 over the estimates of 1914. "We hope and believe," the First Lord said, "that if there is any emulation between us [i. e., between England and the United States] it is likely to be in the direction of reducing that ample margin of naval strength which we alike possess over other naval Powers." Reduction of the ample margin is good—excellent, as far as it goes—but it does not mean disarmament, not by a long way.

The appropriation bill reported by our House Naval Committee suggests an estimate of \$425,000,000, to be spent on our navy this fiscal year; and we are told that it is approximately the figure Mr. Daniels recommended in case the treaty were ratified. The estimate is, however, \$83,000,000 more than that of 1914; but there is the three years' programme initiated in 1916 which has to be considered. So it is useless for First Lords and Secretaries of the Navy to indulge in pious effervescence about lessening competition, when such enormous estimates are presented to the already overburdened taxpayers. The taxpayers were under the impression that their last war was a war to end militarism and navalism. Furthermore, they were under the impression that the greatest naval experts in Europe had learned from the experiences of this war that the submarine and aircraft had brought about a revolution in naval construction, and that dreadnoughts and first-class cruisers were to be placed in the category of "show ships." But our programme for this year does not show any corresponding change in the type of new construction.

The estimates of the British and American Governments for this year irresistibly suggest to informed minds one question, and only one. Are we to see a revival of the machinations of the international ring of armament-makers that existed before the war; the ring that was responsible for all the Jingo orgies of Europe; the ring that bought the press; the ring that sedulously sowed the seed of hatred; the ring that co-operated with the gang of international concessionaires who were chiefly responsible for plunging the world into the horror of the centuries? This great armament-ring never worked along the lines of narrow nationalism, but always did things in a big international way. A glance at the names of the directors of the Harvey United Steel Company, Ltd., of London, as they are recorded on the certificate issued by Somerset House, before the company was wound up voluntarily in 1912, will suffice to show the international character of the group. They were as follows:

Beardmore, Wm., Glasgow
Bettini, Raffaele, Rome
Ellis, Chas. Edward, Sheffield
Falkner, John Meade, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Houdaille, Chas. Francois Maurice, Paris
Hunsiker, Millard, Paris
Saeftel, Fritz, Dillingen a/d Saar
Vickers, Albert, London
Vielhaber, Heinrich, Essen

There was internationalism for you! These gentlemen were in the armament-business for business' sake, and they never permitted their patriotism to in-

terfere with their duties as directors of the concern. Another international group in the native-land-defence business was the Steel Manufacturers Nickel Syndicate; and the names taken from the Somerset House certificate reveal a desire for internationalism that might very well serve as an example to the taxpayers who supplied most of the dividends the company received:

Cammell Laird & Co., England
Vickers, Limited, England
Armstrong Whitworth & Co., England
Hadfields, Ltd., England
Wm. Beardmore & Co., Scotland
Der Dillenger Co., Germany
Krupps, Germany
Compagnie des Forges, France
Chatillon, France
Schneider & Co., France
Witzhowitzer Co., Austria
Societa di Terni, Italy

These international groups that were in existence before the war began were interested in a thousand and one things besides armament. The ramifications of the directors' interests were traced before the war and they were found to lead to oil, ores, coal, to pretty nearly everything that entered into the manufacture of munitions of war, with the notable exception of food. Now if we are threatened again by the enormous power that worked internationally before the war began it seems time that the people of the United States united with the peoples of Great Britain and Europe for the purpose of protecting themselves from these enemies of civilization. Lord Welby, who was head of the British Treasury for some years before the war, said, "We are in the hands of an organization of crooks. They are politicians, generals, manufacturers of armaments, and journalists. All of them are anxious for unlimited expenditure, and go on inventing scares to terrify the public and to terrify Ministers of the Crown." Lord Welby knew what he was talking about, for his position in the Government brought him in touch every day with the operations of these international groups.

The question is, after all, a very simple one. It is this: Are the people interested in managing their own affairs? If the answer be yes, then we shall see an end of navalism. If the answer be no, then no doubt the competition will go on merrily to its inevitable end.

AN ECONOMIC PHASE OF FEMINISM.

No doubt men have always married, or been married by, women of equivalent intellectual capabilities. There is every reason to believe that this procedure proved satisfactory throughout the stone age and the several other ages that preceded the industrial revolution. The peasant's wife worked with him in the fields; and in the castle, milady administered an economic organization more interesting and complex than her lord's army. The family was a significant economic unit in every order of society. Men of small intelligence mated with women of little wit, and both succumbed to difficulties that made equivalent demands upon the two; while able wives of able men found in their homes a field for the full exertion of their abilities. In those days wiving and mothering was a career, in which unusual success received all the customary rewards of economic advantage and popular emulation.

The industrial revolution changed all this by depriving the home of much of its economic significance. As factories multiplied, quiet settled upon milady's spinning-rooms. Industry and trade took on new com-

plexity, and a thousand novel opportunities for careers of distinction were opened to men of ability; opportunities that enabled these men to do at wholesale much of the work of housewifery, thereby depriving their own wives of all but the purely personal functions of wifehood and motherhood, functions incapable of performance on the grand scale.

As is usual in such cases, custom failed to keep pace with conditions. At a time when the household was still an organization which demanded the utmost ability of the most capable women, somebody evolved the maxim that "woman's place is in the home." When the crown was forged, it fitted. But with every new transfer of function from the home to the factory, and every addition to the able man's potential achievements, the place of his presumably able wife in the scheme of things became less and less significant.

To meet this situation and to supplement the "woman's place" maxim, fiction-mongers invented and perfected the "clinging vine" idea, and bolstered it with ridiculous subterfuges. "Fancy-work," as atavistic as a re-emergent monkey's tail, brought remembrance of the day when the woman of the house made the clothing of her family, or superintended its making. Women's magazines grew and multiplied, and acres and continents of white paper were covered with directions for making trumpery things to keep milady's hands in motion while her mind slept. For always at the shoulder of the dutiful wife stood the ghosts of the strong women of her ancestry, prompting her to do again in inconsequent mimicry the things they had done in fact; and with them there stood also the ghosts of doll-faced unacknowledged women, beauty-patched and painted, whispering that leisure is a woman's right, earned by what sweet ministry to man!

Thus the feminist movement of today meets its chief opposition in a moralistic maxim invented in an age when the home demanded all the strength of strong women; a maxim now reinforced by a romantic misconception evolved at a later date in defence of the women who were true to the home-staying creed in spite of the inconsequent position it assigned to them in a new era.

But even today the stenographer who marries a clerk does not have to be content with "clinging." The clerk's home is a less significant thing in an economic sense than clerks' homes used to be, but it still presents problems worthy of a clerk's wife's attention. For the present, then, society is assured that population of this sort will continue to organize itself by households, and to increase and multiply in the old-fashioned way.

It is folly to say that any such thing is true among men and women of professional calibre. The exchange of a stenographer's desk for the cares and complexities of an ill-financed home may be tolerable; but to forsake a position of executive or professional responsibility for the management of a fashionable apartment, is to barter reality for the shadow of a shade. Thus most of the partisans of the feminist revolt are women of ability—not because of over-education or because of a peculiar perverseness bred somehow into women of this class, but for the soundest of economic reasons. Many women of exceptional capabilities refuse to be held longer either by maxims or by romance in homes from which industry long ago removed most of the burdens. They are not trying to escape from work but to find it. They are forsaking a mode of life that demands less of them than cottage-industry demanded of the craftsman, for a field where their superior abilities may be exerted to the full.

Now in the process of removing themselves from an impossible economic situation, these capable women

are removing themselves by thousands and tens of thousands from the only environment considered appropriate to motherhood. The material and moral conditions of the Middle Ages drove many of the ablest women of that period into monastic retirement; conditions today force multitudes of such women to leave the comparative retirement of the home for the business and professional world; but monasticism and feminism are alike, in that each selects for celibacy some of the most gifted women of the age. For the feminist, it is incidental to economic escape that she is not the wife of a man of congenial mentality and the mother of his children; for society the loss is fundamental, leaving no room for the appreciation of the social gain resulting from the services of the feminists in whatever administrative or professional spheres they may see fit to enter.

The only way out of the difficulty is to separate into two distinct ideas a conception that we have inherited as a sacred unity; the unity of housewifery and motherhood. The business of administering a modern household is not an adequate career for a woman of marked ability. Instead of stoutly insisting that it is, we may as well honestly acknowledge that it is not, and thereby stimulate instead of hindering the emergence of women into fields best suited to their respective mentalities. But at the same time that society gives its approval to the entrance of women into these new fields, it must give a still greater measure of praise to the successful woman who marries, gives birth to children, and later superintends in a general way their rearing, while at the same time she carries forward the work of her business or profession.

Motherhood can never be the incidental thing that fatherhood is. But on the other hand it is hardly necessary that motherhood and a business or professional career shall be mutually exclusive. If society wants such of its women as are editors and bank presidents to be mothers as well, it must cease to demand that they shall also be housewives. By requiring one as the necessary accompaniment of the other, we are in a way to lose both together.

VIGNETTES OF CITY LIFE.

II. LEO.

THE life of the Village flaunted itself about us, pressed insistently on the attention. It sang and danced and made posters and strange poetry and opened queer little shops and crowded the Brevoort at night and talked about itself and got itself talked about. It boasted odd characters; it drew to itself the young, the impressionable; it began to attract the writers of stories, of novels. It was, so far as we could claim such a thing our *vie de Bohème*. Yet Will and I, being of the generation who remember Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber in "Romeo and Juliet," were a trifle old to be impressed. We thought more of the temperature of our bath than of Bohemia, and though Bohemia invaded at last the very building where we dwelt, in the long accumulation of our books, our prints, our pipes and dust, we knew that we still were safe so long as Leo answered the telephone, ran the elevator, disposed of undesired visitors, guarded our slumber in the morning, called our cabs for us, mailed our letters, sent out our laundry, and otherwise in a hundred different ways, made smooth the rough places of our cranky bachelor lives.

Leo was born in Switzerland. He spoke English with an accent entirely his own. His patience, his courtesy, his sweet tactfulness, knew no bounds; and he never forgot anything, either a morning call to raise us for golf, or a fifty-word night-letter which he would not deliver until he knew we were up. His hours were long, and his pay small, but I fancy, perhaps, his tips were many. Tips, however, were not the cause of his unfailing smile. There was nothing mercenary in his good spirits, his thoughtfulness. Nature made him so in the first place, and "Science" confirmed him.

When his half-holiday came, on Sunday, he emerged from his little room clad in a high hat (the gift of some tenant in the days when men of fashion abode in the Square), a cutaway coat, grey trousers, patent-leather shoes, and crossed the Square toward the 'buses, as fine a gentleman as you please, on his way to the "Science" church. In the evening he was back in his little office by the elevator, answering the telephone, fetching ice-water, managing the affairs of the apartment-house, once more in his working-clothes, but the smile a little sweeter on his face, his voice a shade, perhaps, less deferential, or better say a shade more friendly.

Leo was also a musician. A bachelor, on the brink of matrimony and of departure from our monastic abode, had given him a mandolin. Elsewhere he had gotten a zither. Mastery of these instruments was acquired in his few off-hours during the week-days, behind the shut door of his bedroom. Then it occurred to us that, as we were not at home during much of the day, he might like to add the piano to his accomplishments. With grateful smiles, he accepted eagerly; and the dust was polished from the keys of our upright as he stole away for an hour daily from his work, to practise—the simplest exercises for beginners at first. It was nearly a year before we could induce him, and then only by mingled threats and cajolery, to play for us "The Beautiful Blue Danube." That piece of music, waking I know not what memories of his early life, was the goal toward which he had striven, and never to be attained, of course, upon the zither or the mandolin, *solus*. Once able to play it upon the piano, he went no farther, as far as I could discover, but teased Strauss from our instrument week after week, with ever increasing mechanical precision. Entering the apartment once, softly and unexpectedly, I watched a moment, unseen. He needed no notes by now, but played with eyes lifted toward the wall above, where hung a Piranesi print of some Roman ruin, but seeing far beyond it, a quaint, happy smile on his face, which looked oddly young. Then he felt my presence; the music ended in a discord. He rose hastily, to go.

"No, no," I cried. "I'm only back for a moment, to pack a grip. Go right on playing."

But he could not while I was there. He ran to help me get my bag, to help me pack it, to carry it out to the elevator. Not till I was out of the building again, I am sure, did he go back into his land of dreams.

Well, the Village crowded us ever closer. Our building changed hands. Apartments were fixed over for women and strange "teas" were held therein. A bathrobe was no longer safe in the corridors. Reluctantly we packed our books, our prints, our pipes, and moved away. Leo helped us, he nailed up the cases, made all the arrangements with the movers; but his smile was a little crooked, and he would not take our farewell tip, though gifts of pictures, music, a cane, a Morris chair, a lamp, were accepted and treasured. We shook hands cordially like old friends parting—as indeed we were.

The next Christmas we sent cards to Leo, and they crossed in the mail gay cards from him. He had not forgotten. A few months later he called on us. He had left the old place. It was too much changed. He was tired of working such long hours, anyway. He had gone uptown, to a quiet family hotel. Yes, it wasn't far from the "Science" Church, too. That made it very convenient. He hoped, if we ever had to go to a hotel, we'd go to his. He saw something in a shop as he was coming along—would we take it for the blue vase that we used to put flowers in? And he opened a box and took out two pink roses.

When he had gone, Will stood before the blue vase (cracked by the movers) and contemplated the roses.

"A queer town!" he said.

"That," said I, "is not an extraordinarily profound or original remark."

He ignored this. "I'm thinking of the scores upon scores of writers just down there in the Village alone, all pressing upon each other in an attempt to squeeze life out into their pages, life dressed up in its very latest notions. And there was Leo all the time, taking 'em up in the elevator—a perfect story!"

"The only trouble being that you don't know it," said I. "You know an outline, a hint, here and there, and you've a great affection for Leo—that's all."

"What on earth more do you want?" cried Will. "George Eliot looked into a room as she went past up a stairway, and wrote a whole novel."

"Besides," I added, "you'd make it sentimental."

Will poked one of the pink roses into position.

"Are you so sure I wouldn't be right?" he asked.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

ROMAIN ROLLAND AND RUSSIA.

SIRS: The future scholar will some day dig out from the ashes of the past (which is our present) the small particles of truth, which are now hidden by our passions and prejudices. The historian will try to understand how it could be that the twentieth century began with such an overwhelming destruction of our humanism and good-will, and for him, out of the darkness of these days, will shine like bright stars a few great names, and of these, beyond all doubting, one will be the name of Romain Rolland, a spark of the greatness of Revolutionary France.

Here are a few lines from a private letter which has lately come from Romain Rolland (it is dated 20 February, 1920):

I had an interesting visit this week; a professor of the College de France, a Frenchman, but half a Russian through his mother, who spent the years 1915-1919 in Russia. He returned to France in May, 1919, bearing an address from the Petrograd Academy of Science for the Paris Academy of Science. The latter with a stupid and peevish obstinacy refused to take any notice of it. Observe that this is entirely a concern of Russian *savants*, historians, etc., who are illustrious the world over, several of them being corresponding members of the Academy of Paris! Their message had no political character whatsoever; it was simply a suggestion for a renewal of the interchange of scientific reports, etc. You cannot imagine the enraged stupidity of these people of Paris. I feel myself a stranger in this nation which shuts itself up, and sinks deep into a self-satisfied and stubborn apathy, both hands over its eyes, lest it might see something to trouble its proud ignorance.

What my visitor told me of the work accomplished by the great minds and strong wills of Moscow and Petrograd is admirable. But what atrocious suffering has been caused by the Blockade! The children of Petrograd have neither milk nor flour, nor eggs, nor anything.

'What do they live on?' I asked. 'Black bread, steeped in soup made of salt fish!' Of course they die like flies. And then, no soap—thus making disinfection impossible—no medicaments—Russia always imported them. Epidemics rage. Last winter there were twelve thousand cases a week of typhus in Petrograd. And yet not one of these great Russian intellectuals, many of whom are old and exhausted by their privations, will consent to leave Russia even for a few weeks, though permission has been given to them to do so by the Soviets. They wish to remain at their posts with their fellow citizens and their task inspires them. The rôle played by Gorky is splendid. Everything he has he gives to relieve the general misery, and every human cause finds in him a defender. The hope of Europe lies only in this Russia. The rest of the Occident is a nest of entangled serpents biting one another.

A Russian poet has said: "Future generations will look back upon us with the bitter mockery of betrayed sons whose fathers have squandered all they possessed." Something like this might be said of the France of to-day and of many other countries of the Old and New Worlds. And similarly we may believe that Mirabeau, Hugo, Jaurès, Robert Owen, John Stuart Mill, Heine, Goethe, Washington, Lincoln, all these look down upon us now from the other world with the bitter derision of fathers, whose wealth has been squandered by their ungrateful and degenerate sons. I am, etc.,

GREGORY ZILBOORG.

New York City.

CONCERNING REVOLUTION.

SIRS: In your Current Comment for March 17, you say, "The masses have never moved toward revolution; they have been pushed." That is true. In this country, the idea of a revolution has not as yet entered the minds of the working classes; but the reactionaries will insist upon it, not a peaceful one, but one demanding blood. The masses will never nationalize organized industry and natural resources until they are forced to, and forced to do so by the reactionaries themselves. This is the function of the reactionaries; it is where they fit into the scheme of things.

Again you say, "A peaceful revolution is still possible and practicable, and such is the eager hope of enlightened minds." Now to have made that statement correctly you should have left out the words "possible and." Do you mean to say that wealth entrenched as it is and blinded by its power is going to give up without a struggle? I class myself with those of enlightened minds who hope for a peaceful evolution, but such is not in the nature of things. The world still moves by force, and the history of man shows that he has had to enter a death struggle for everything he has gained, forced

upon him by circumstances and environment. If economic freedom were made a gift to the masses (so to speak) they would not value it and undoubtedly would not hold it; the road to exploitation and oppression would still be open. When, as you say, "the proletarian state, whose tenure may be even shorter before the idea of the state is wholly and finally superseded by the idea of Society," force will be a thing of the past and reason and understanding will reign supreme. Conflicting interests will be wiped out.

It is to be hoped that the United States will profit by the experience of Russia and Europe. However, it is hard to predict just how evolution will work out in this country. The working classes probably will succeed by adopting Mr. Gompers' policy and electing an administration "friendly to labour." This administration would in all probability be too friendly to labour or not friendly enough to try to harmonize all interests. Either way would precipitate a counter-revolution on the part of the reactionaries and plunge the country into a state of civil war.

If a truly socialist administration were elected a counter-revolution would take place on the part of the reactionaries before the men so elected could assume the duties of their office and take over the machinery of the government. If such socialists as the Ebert brand were elected it would be just about the same thing as electing a crowd "friendly to labour," and we would have to go the same process that Germany is going through with today.

If a highly reactionary government is re-established we will have revolutions and counter-revolutions for some time to come; trying one faction after another until the idea of the Free Society becomes a reality. I am, etc.,

A. L. BIGLER.

Norfolk, Virginia.

THE MENACE OF THE PENSION ROLL.

SIRS:—I was much interested in what you had to say in your issue of 31 March, about bonuses for war-veterans, and particularly in the attitude of the English, Australian and New Zealand veterans. It is a perplexing matter, this problem of compensation for returned soldiers, and unless it is met by some such method of land taxation as these ex-soldiers of Britain have indicated, it seems likely to place upon the already over-burdened masses a staggering additional load of taxation.

Obviously it is fair, if those in high places must have their little wars, that the poor devils who are drafted to fight them, at a very low wage, should have ample compensation, even if it must take the form of bonuses granted after the war is over. But experience has shown that there is room for abuse in this matter. It is well known that the political power of the G. A. R. has steadily forced enormous increases in the pension-rolls of the Civil War, when the natural tendency would have been towards a steady decrease, due to the death of pensioners. There were pensions for the maimed—which was right; there were pensions for those who served—well and good. There were pensions for those who developed ailments due to the conditions of service—and thousands of ex-soldiers at once found their toothaches, rheumatism, dyspepsia to be directly traceable to damp bivouacs or indigestible army fare. Then came widows' pensions. And after that came increases, one after another; not to mention the fact that the rolls were swollen enormously through private pension-bills, pushed through Congress by enterprising legislators for the benefit of constituents whose records with the War Department barred them from receiving pensions under the general laws. It is so easy to yield to the temptation to take easy money—and pensions, owing to the political power of the G. A. R., have been easy money for the last fifty years.

The point I am coming to is this: is the American Legion going to content itself with a bonus, and is it going to advocate some such equitable means of raising the money as the British ex-soldiery are advocating. Or is the recommendation of a bonus merely the first step in an elaborate pension-programme which, through the political power which the Legion and similar organizations will be able to wield, will fasten upon our taxpayers an enormous pension roll, waxing under the auspices of the Legion and its kindred bodies as the Civil War pension roll has waxed under the auspices of the G. A. R. Considering the size of our late army, this seems to me to be a very formidable question to which every American citizen—even the ex-service man himself—might well give a good deal of thought. I am, etc.

F. L. C.

THE MANUFACTURE OF MEDIOCRITY.

I.

THE Advertising Committee of the Chicago High School Teachers announces in bold-faced type in the daily papers that the local school system is facing a crisis, that in five years the resignation of teachers from Chicago's schools have increased ninety-six per cent. In St. Louis public school teachers threaten that unless they obtain immediate increases in their salaries, many will leave the profession. High school teachers in that city receive an average of about \$175 a month, and those in elementary schools about eighty-five dollars. Northwestern University publishes a bulletin entitled "The Nation's Peril—the Underpaid Teacher," recommending an increase in salaries of from sixty to seventy per cent in order to avert the danger of decreased efficiency in the schools.

To multiply such instances is useless. Everybody knows, definitely or vaguely, the sentiments and conditions that prevail in the schools everywhere. One point, however, which no one seems willing to face in public, is that we are already, to-day, suffering from a decline in educational efficiency due to a deterioration of the personnel. The danger is not merely a possibility of the future, it is here now, and action is called for not to prevent a perilous state, but to cure one. By this I mean that salaries and working conditions in schools and colleges throughout the country must be bettered to such an extent that men and women of first-rate ability will turn back to a profession which they have deliberately abandoned; that the satisfactions of the teacher's work must be made so plain and attainable that once more promising young men and women will enter the graduate schools to prepare systematically for teaching as a life-work, rather than turn as they are now doing to sociological investigation, secretarial work, positions in department stores, journalism, advertising, the technical sides of industry, any sort of work in fact (other than teaching), which seems to offer stimulation and reward to initiative, energy, devotion, and brains. To-day the scholar, having fled from the crowd into what he believes to be the dwelling-place of truth, heeding honestly the injunction, "Work wel thy-self that other folk canst rede," has found hate without hoard, struggle and envy and no prosperity; and now, losing faith in the saving power of truth, he is returning to the world he once so hopefully abandoned. Thus it is that our training colleges have been gradually devastated till they present the prospect of a wilderness of mediocrity.

Recently a writer in *School and Society* severely arraigned the modern college-president as the clue to educational shortcomings. But though our present collegiate organization requires in a chief executive the gifts of orator and financier rather than those of a teacher of youth and leader of men, nevertheless the average president compares favourably with the average of his faculty, and faces, moreover, a faculty problem which he is too discreet to discuss. Too often in college and university when men of ripe scholarship and cultural experience are on the verge of retirement a variety of individuals advance by virtue of political acumen rather than through scholarship, while others win promotion because of a mechanical proficiency in a narrow field, not unaided perhaps by a certain facility in society and golf. At the bottom of the scale remains the bulk and bulwark of the faculty, a large group of over-worked, underpaid assistants and instructors, toiling with monoton-

ous industry in large elementary courses; men—more frequently women—who seem bereft of all hope, unless it be perhaps that they may some day be rescued by the strong arm of the American Federation of Labour.

Let any head of a college department critically survey the additions to his staff during the current year, often made, by way of emergency, to meet the autumn's enrollment of freshmen. Does he feel content with the sight of fledgling graduates shouldering heavy and responsible burdens, of erstwhile high school teachers of slender training offering university courses of something less than university grade, of the Greek teacher teaching English and the German teacher teaching French, and of precocious sophomores correcting freshman note-books, while all the time the classes are steadily doubling in size? And when the head of a department comes to make plans for another year, and begins to look for next season's crop of freshman instructors—"ambitious young men," "the right kind of women," "teachers with scholarly ideals," whither will he turn? The useful young Harvard Ph.D. is found to eat less readily than of yore from the hand of western college administrators; four sections of Freshman English in a state university, at \$1200 per annum seems a prize less tempting than of old to the shrewd young person with an eye to the main chance. To fill a professorial chair with a distinguished teacher and scholar, a man with the power and personality to direct a department or a school, requires a still more arduous search. First-rate men are getting more and more rare—and first-rate women have hardly yet arrived, indeed, are not really wanted. Does the harassed administrator think then of certain quondam colleagues now working elsewhere, perhaps in well-equipped laboratories as commercial chemists at thrice their former salaries, or perhaps writing for newspapers, editing magazines, conducting governmental investigations, invading business as buyers and executives; and by so doing following the example of the best of their juniors who now unhesitatingly "go into business" fresh from college without waste of time? And thinking thus he marvels, not that so many of the older men have gone, but so few. And there lies the wonder and the hope. Teaching is still a worthy calling to those who have tried it. But can we keep it so?

II.

Liberal education is to-day on the defensive. Those who would defend it must look sharply to the instruments with which they work, to the personal quality and professional zeal of the men and women to whom educational duties are entrusted. We are in the midst of the greatest experiment in democratic education the world has ever known. Never were great teachers more needed than to-day. Many of the students in our colleges to-day are of the first generation to receive a college education. Until quite recently a college degree has been the prize of a favoured few. Educational standards worked out formerly by a few teachers with picked students, we still try to apply *in toto*, despite fundamental changes in the experience and capacity of the students, in conditions of teaching, and in the gifts of the teachers themselves. Whether it is possible, for instance, to-day for a young college graduate turned instructor, teaching 150 freshmen three hours a week, to perform the double task of breaking down in his students habits of speech of eighteen years standing, and substituting at the same time for the locutions learned on the

farm, in the shop, or on the streets, the pure idiom formerly induced by generations of culture—whether this sudden imposition of an aristocratic standard upon proletarian practice is psychologically possible is very much open to doubt. But if the change from “I seen” to “I saw” is to be permanently established, it will not be brought about by the woman teacher who calls her students “fellahs,” nor by the man who calls them “guys.” Shakespeare cannot be taught by an admirer of commercial fiction, nor Milton by a devotee of the popular magazines. Nor can the amenities and arts of life be suggested by one who in class-room and office is himself without courtesy or grace. Personality is ignored, and “efficiency,” tractability, and low price become virtues of the schools. Yet these very men, men of limited experience, mechanically and narrowly proficient, are themselves the reason for the contempt for scholarship which has grown up in the minds of their students and of the general public as well. The fault, of course, lies not in the quality of the doctor’s degree, nor in the nature and purposes of research. It lies rather in the character of the teachers who under the conditions that rule to-day are the best we can attract to scholarly pursuits.

In this connexion I may perhaps quote from a recent article in the official journal of a boosters’ association in a mid-Western State:

As a matter of fact, college professors are not being paid as much as hod-carriers. How can we expect professors to advocate the sanctity of property when their own salaries are so low they cannot ever hope to own property?

Under the title “Radicalism in Our Universities” the author of the article reveals abundant reason why the teaching profession is in a declining way. He proceeds to enlighten the “great middle class of our people” to whose encouragement in “a more militant Americanism” his journal is avowedly devoted. He tells, *horresco referens*, of the daughter of a prominent lawyer “attending one of the leading universities in Chicago” who was “told to write a theme on the Non-Partisan League”! and as if that were not enough, he refers to another painful case of the daughter of “one of the biggest ranchers of New Mexico” who returned from “one of the leading colleges for women in the east” so deeply infected with “radical socialism” that it required nearly six months to eradicate the “poison.” He points the moral thus:

We have thought our enemy “reds” were mostly aliens—and we have hoped that the departure of a few soviet arks—with radical cargoes—would eliminate further disturbances. But the poison is deeper rooted. Our greatest real danger is from the “parole socialist” (*sic*) and “professor socialist” of the Calhoun type—men and women who conduct an insidious propaganda amongst the boys and girls of America, at the time when their minds are plastic, teaching them the doctrines of communism and disrespect for the rights of property . . . it is enough to make Americans think. I must repeat that I am not making a “blanket” indictment of colleges or college professors. Far from it. Our universities have been, are, and will continue to be the bulwark of our advancing civilization. But they must be kept clean. I have talked with two college presidents where radicalism was being taught, and I am confident that neither they nor their boards of regents knew what was going on. The radical professors were immediately discharged. What we need, however,—and that is the purpose of this article—is a thorough investigation into the social theories that are being taught in all our universities, weed out those who do not have American ideals; who are preaching confiscation and revolution—and the elimination of property rights.

Every parent of every boy or girl now attending college—or recently through college—should conduct an independent investigation at home, to ascertain whether or not any of this radical poison has been planted by some un-American professor. The ——— Association already has in its files several

letters from parents on this subject. Where this radical tendency is indicated, information should be sent to the Association, where it will be assembled, confidentially. Isolated cases might not prove much of anything—but if twenty students of one certain professor are arriving at the “necessary” conclusions—as Professor Calhoun puts it in his letter—then it is time for action. . . . Every parent whose Americanism is red-blooded should become a committee of one on “educational investigation.”

No one who has followed recent cases of attack on academic freedom in eastern and western colleges needs to be told how the spirit revealed in the foregoing passage originates, or where it leads. No one who has lived through an “investigation” can forget the blight that falls upon the college: the breaking of personal relations, the inhibition of teaching and scholarship, the disciplinary chaos, and the inevitable loss to the institution of members whose competence enables them to escape the whole dirty mess by accepting calls elsewhere, or by leaving the teaching profession altogether. Even if the higher tribunal before which the accused professor may be tried reverses or sustains the decision of the more expeditious executive, a lasting injury has been inflicted on the self-respect of the whole faculty by the motives and methods involved, and the final outcome of it all is that the teaching staff goes back to its work with lowered morale and with a new bitterness in its heart.

“Abuses of freedom of speech,” said Benjamin Franklin, “ought to be repressed; but to whom dare we trust the care of doing it?” Less prudent was Henry Ward Beecher: “I declare,” said he, “that it is the right of every man who is born into this world to use every faculty of his being, according to the law that God has fixed in that power and in that faculty and not according to any imposition of man. This is the liberty to which you are called.” Such liberty we must assure to all servants of the state if the educational profession is to be worthy of the service of the independent thinker, the scientific investigator, the non-partisan teacher, the “hundred per cent American” of the true sort.

One of the first-fruits of “Americanism” is American education. We must see to it that this great American tradition is not in our day sacrificed along with many another of our great traditions. Federal, State, and private agencies should work together in a systematic study of the country’s educational needs, and then meet them with generous hands. They should direct by training and leadership as many as possible of the young men and women of the better type to scholarly interests: and then when trained, offer them legitimate inducements to turn their intelligence to teaching and research rather than to business enterprises; giving them the assurance that while they teach truth and pursue it they may live and think as free men.

The problem before us is threefold; investigation, educational publicity, and administration. First must come, and that quickly, a thorough-going study of educational needs, economic, material, spiritual. Second, a nation-wide campaign of enlightenment—using the amazing skill and energy that was put into our war-time propaganda—calling for a better educational system and a willingness to pay for it. Then, third, the needs being seen, and public opinion organized and made effective, sweeping reforms should be made, beginning with an adequate increase in salaries, a wholesale revision of teaching schedules, greater incentives and opportunities for research, democratic administration; reforms that shall not stop until the teaching profession has been made properly attractive to the best talent in the land.

HELEN SARD HUGHES.

THE IMPLICATIONS OF DIRECT ACTION.

THE German people have used direct action to defeat a militaristic *coup d'état*. By the general strike they won a victory for the collective will of the majority. Direct action became the instrument for compelling social change to take the channels of constitutional progress instead of boiling up into bloody counter-revolution. The value of this mass-action will not be lessened by any of the now possible developments. Ebert may be restored, Soviets may spring up spontaneously in a hundred cities, a fresh compromise Government may limp into control. But, in any event, the workers have learned that they can defeat a reactionary minority by the paralysis of the general strike. Direct action has entered the region of practical politics.

C. M. Lloyd in "Trade Unionism" says that direct action includes the strike—localized, sectional, sympathetic, partial, folded arms, general-sabotage, ca'canny, the boycott. He quotes Jaurès as having laid down the three conditions of success for the general strike. First, the working class must be convinced of the importance of the object; second, a large section of the public must recognize the legitimacy of the object; third, the general strike must not appear as a pretext for violence, but as the exercise of a legal right on a vaster and more systematic scale. Mr. Lloyd adds the fourth condition of the solidarity of labour.

In the revised "History of Trade Unionism," soon to be published, Sidney and Beatrice Webb refer to the sensational examples of direct action afforded during the war by the National Union of Sailors and Firemen in preventing labour leaders from travelling.

Another case was the withdrawal by the Electrical Trades Union in 1918 of their members (taking with them the indispensable fuses) from the Albert Hall in London, when the directors of the Hall cancelled its letting for a labour demonstration.

The 'last word' in Direct Action is with the police and the army, and there not with the officers but with the rank and file. The vast majority of Trade Unionists object to Direct Action, whether by landlords or capitalists or by organized workers, for objects other than those connected with the economic function of the Direct Actionists. Trade Unionists, on the whole, are not prepared to disapprove of Direct Action as a reprisal for Direct Action taken by other persons, or groups. With regard to a general strike of non-economic or political character, in favour of a particular home or foreign policy, we very much doubt whether the Trades Union Congress could be induced to endorse it, or the rank and file to carry it out, except only in case the Government made a direct attack upon the political or industrial liberty of the manual working class, which it seemed imperative to resist by every possible means, not excluding forceful revolution itself.

During the British railway-strike early last fall, the compositors and printers' assistants revolted against the inaccurate and poisonous news "fact" articles in the daily papers. They threatened to strike and stop the newspapers altogether unless the railwaymen were allowed to present their case, and unless abusive posters were abandoned. The result was a somewhat more faithful presentation of news, and this swing was led by Lord Northcliffe.

The case for direct action lies in these considerations:

1. Certain group interests are of unique importance to the group. For example, the "public" can not claim the right of final and uncorrected decision on such a matter as the safety of miners. The life of a miner is an interest which he will not submit to popular vote. Direct Action is an assertion by the group of its special interest. Bertrand Russell says:

What should be the group of which the majority is to prevail? What are the matters with which the majority has a right to interfere?

No group shall have its internal concerns determined for it by those who hate it. Industries have the same right that belongs to oppressed national groups, the right of securing the substance of autonomy by making it difficult and painful to go against their wishes in matters primarily concerning themselves . . .

Even if it is force that is brought to bear upon the Government, it is persuasion that is brought to bear upon the community. And in the long run, no victory is secure unless it rests upon persuasion and employs force at most as a means to persuasion. . . . It seems fairly certain that, for a considerable time to come, the main struggle in Europe will be between capitalism and some form of socialism, and is highly probable that in this struggle the strike will play a great part. To introduce democracy into industry by any other method would be very difficult.

2. Certain group interests are of an importance to be shared between the group and the public. If an executive government refuses to submit the question to the decision of the community, direct action is a method of forcing the Cabinet to consult the electorate. The general strike is the threat that results in a general election. It is the constitutional check on a lawless government or House of Commons, which is proceeding without mandate, refusing nationalization or sending troops to Russia. Direct action operates like a House of Lords.

3. Certain group-interests do not receive fair public discussion, because the press is run by a clique of capitalists. The "general public" is easily and continually stampeded into herd-panics by the press. The group is unable to appeal to public opinion, because the press throws a barrage of shell and sound and poison-gas between the group and the public. So the group turns to direct action in order that, after the big noise, its own still, small voice may be respectfully listened to. As H. N. Brailsford says:

Till I had fought an election myself as a Labour candidate I never fully realized the countless ways in which every employer—one might almost say every member of the propertied class—can and does make opinion and govern by the use of his indirect moneyed power. It is enough to look at the function of the newspaper. Day by day, week by week, year by year, the Capitalist Press makes the thinking of this country. The printing machine weaves the mind of this country as literally as one may weave wool. The effect of the selected news, the ascendancy of the suggested point of view, the unofficial censorship of the perverse bias, outweigh the benefit to the workers of every lowering of the franchise. In this world, as it is, there can be no Democracy, because there can be for the broad masses no thought that is independent of this direction and manipulation from above."

This capitalistic direct action is a continuous, well-distributed, invisible pressure. Direct action by the workers is abrupt and dramatic. Vernon Hartshorn, M. P., the miners' leader, has told of the direct action by capitalists which gives them control of the political game. They own the press and whisper propaganda to the editors. They own the bulk of the financial capital which the government needs to obtain its loans. They exercise influence over the political opinions of the workers by their power to give or withhold employment. They exercise social influence on politicians.

As statesmen and orthodox politicians come more into contact with social circles than they do with the working masses, this social influence has a profound effect on the minds and characters of politicians, and moulds to an almost unbelievable extent the Government policy of this country. All these forms of influence make up the "direct action" which capitalists are continually bringing to bear upon political questions.

They capture the leaders of labour, as fast as they enter Parliament, take them to elaborate dinners which

break their spirit with the ritual and then flatter them into new shapes through the ministrations of the rich, idle wives. Says Mr. Hartshorn:

It is making the workers ask themselves whether there is the remotest possibility of success for them in the political sphere, seeing how completely the conditions handicap them. They are telling themselves that they do not control a *Press* which is essential to political success, they do not possess the power of employment with which to influence the weaklings of their own class; they do not possess the power which comes through *money-owning*, with which they might influence Government policy by withholding financial aid, and they do not possess *society influence* which they might bring to bear directly upon the snobbish sentiments of politicians. They may say to themselves that the owning classes achieve most of their object, even election results, by the power of *capitalistic direct action*. They may ask themselves whether they have any power of direct action and they may say, "If the capitalist can influence political opinion by operating his powers of ownership and by withholding capital, we can counter that by operating our industrial power and withholding labour that will paralyse the machine of capitalism."

This direct action of the capitalists is all decent; honourable, and ladylike. It never offends "public opinion." It softly opens the pores of receptivity, like a Turkish bath. Just as a grown person can put a child in the wrong, just as irony outpoints sincerity, just as a depraved man is cool and courteous to his victim—by all the victories of the sleek—so is labour rendered hot and rude by the indirect action of the privileged. This sly pressure of the upper class, which smears injustice with fair-seeming, was felt once in the House of Commons when the Irish member answered an ironic courteous speech of Chamberlain's with the one word "liar."

On this economic social pressure of the upper class, the *Manchester Guardian* said on 8 January of this year:

Every new Liberal Government arriving fresh from the constituencies, full of hopes and plans that for the time are quite sincere, has found itself at the very moment of arrival in the atmosphere of the Court and of *society*. Whom the Labour Party would appoint as Lords-in-Waiting we did not inquire about, but if they were to leave such appointments to take care of themselves they would not do amiss. They might from the first pass a self-denying ordinance against the acceptance of titles. They might go a step farther and refuse to bestow them except in certain recognized cases, such as for merit in the Civil or Military or Naval Services. They can keep clear of the atmosphere of the political clubs and of fashionable society. These are the things that have too often narcotised Liberalism. Labour might conceivably breathe a fresher air. No Liberal Government has ever got broken with a web of decorous traditions, that, harmless and picturesque as many of them may appear, yet as a whole form an entanglement more subtle and less visible but not less difficult to penetrate than barbed wire, about the feet of anyone who attempts real changes in the structure of our society. Against every man who has stood forth as a true popular champion, society has brought up astonishing reserves of defence, from the big batteries of the Press down to every subtlety of social obstruction or seduction. Few there be who have gone through this test and survived, bringing the robustness of their political faith with them. But Labour, an organized Party challenging the spirit of the social hierarchy as a whole, might succeed collectively where the bold spirits would have failed individually.

4. As economic power passes from the middle-class to the workers, there may come a moment in the social revolution when the majority-will and act are defeated by the possessing minority in control of power. That possessing minority may refuse to pay taxes, may call out the army and navy. At such a moment, direct action will be the only method of forcing back revolutionary violence into the evolution of steady, peaceful, constitutional change. Just as Ebert appealed to the workers for a general strike against the Junkers, so the labour leaders would appeal to the workers to

defend law and order against the armed violence of the owners of land and capital.

The case against Direct Action stands thus:

1. A single group, representing only one-fiftieth of the community, but sitting in control of a public necessity, can enforce its minority will in a matter concerning the nation.

2. An occupational group, as such, is without special wisdom on a political matter.

3. Direct action leans inevitably, after the opening days, to violence and bloody revolution. It therefore means a suffering for the innocent, transcending the value of the particular demand.

4. Direct action, if it represents the wish of the community is unnecessary, because the demand could be won by the political vote.

5. Direct action is the expression of a wilful minority, and registers their impatience at their inability to convince their fellow-workers of the justice of their demand.

6. Direct action will spill the beans. Labour is within a few years of supreme power, after its climb through the centuries. Why cause paralysis, dry rot, and bloodshed, when a little patience will bring an orderly solution? It is unworkable, because political questions, so decided, would split the labour movement. If the workers won't vote for a policy, will they strike in its behalf? The vote of the special British Trades Union Congress against direct action is in tune with the policy of the workers for the last six months. They are awed by the prospect of being in power in a few years. Ramsay MacDonald, that confirmed constitutionalist, says:

Get the proper Parliament, and political direct action is unnecessary for labour; get the most successful direct action, and its results have still to become the subject of Parliamentary handling, as the miners are now finding out. We had better fall back upon the rule that in all matters of opinion, liberty.

Those interested in the recent bickerings on direct action will find good discussions in Bertrand Russell's pamphlet on the subject, in a pamphlet by William Gallacher and a fellow shop-steward, in Webb's new "History of Trade Unionism," in the debate of Frank Hodges and John Robert Clynes at the 1919 Glasgow Trades Union Congress, in Ramsay MacDonald's "Parliament and Revolution."

The supreme exponent of direct action in Britain has been Sir Edward Carson. He has raised armed forces against the expressed will of Parliament and the Government. He has revolted against an act on the statute book. He has openly preached violence.

Such a spectacle [said the *Manchester Guardian*] seen side by side with the frequent prosecutions and summary convictions of obscure Labour agitators in England and of minor Nationalist agitators in Ireland, for disloyalties morally trifling in comparison with Sir Edward Carson's, can only deepen the prevalent feeling of the working classes, the almost universal feeling of the ex-soldiers among them, that the present mode of running this country is a "ramp," or a "put-up job," by which laws and institutions apparently just and honourable are manipulated so as to give certain classes, certain interests, certain manipulators a pull over the whole multitude of their countrymen. An unprecedentedly large number of Englishmen have, in a political sense, lost their faith during the last five years.

A convinced direct actionist is one sort of returned soldier. He wants that promised new social order swiftly. So he speaks up in meeting and mud-dies the doorstep of Downing Street. It is the inconvenience that follows when you send your young men to a long war. The last word in direct action is with the rank and file of the army. And a large

percentage of the returned army is in the radical wing of labour. As that cautious, conservative, old trade union leader and head of the Transport Workers, Harry Gosling, recently wrote:

It is my hope that the railway strike will induce the general public to think along these lines. Unless they do, all the efforts of the mediators cannot prevent the coming of a class war. Such a war, if it comes, will be intensified as a result of the great European war. The war showed a great number of men that force is, indeed, a very effective thing. It taught them to think of sheer force as the live end of any cause.

Moreover, these men who have come back from the war do not regard mere physical consequences quite in the light they did before. *We find, therefore, that those who have fought at the front are the most difficult to control, and restrain in time of crisis. Let the nation take warning.*

Direct action is often the gesture and strutting of a stage army. A few men march in and out till the eye is convinced of an impassioned and universal uprising. Then, a week later, the faded and tired display may swell and grow teeth. The public is never quite sure of the nature of the performance.

This whole undefined zone of direct action exists because the community requires a new organ of government and has not created it. Chambers of commerce, associations of manufacturers, federations of industry, workers' councils, shop-stewards, and trade-unions, are all of them disregarding Parliament, and putting their pressure directly on the soft skull of the Prime Minister.

Thomas Cramp, president of the National Union of Railwaymen, said on 16 June, 1919, at the annual delegate meeting:

The centre of gravity is passing from the House of Commons to the headquarters of the great Trade Unions.

We have progressed beyond the point of merely formulating and submitting demands for others to say how they should be met.

Our ultimate aim is the control of industry.

Men in their occupational groups are reaching directly through to the executive of the state, and obtaining legislation nicely graduated to the threat of their industrial power. Parliamentarians talk while at least fifty per cent of human concerns is decided in intimate executive conference over their heads. Until the state has an industrial Cabinet or House into which labour can pour its full strength, there will be direct action at time of crisis. When the workers are sufficiently stirred, they will use their utmost power of industrial pressure. No sermons from pious Parliamentarians will make them give the wrist-tap of political resolutions when they can deal the sledge-hammer of the strike.

Mr. Frank Hodges, secretary of the British miners, said to the 1919 Trades Union Congress:

If at any time in the history of a political institution it prevents the expression of force and power which can be found in an institution outside it, that institution is responsible for the concept of direct action, and not the Labour movement.

The greatest propagandist of direct action is Mr. Lloyd George himself. He teaches us the elements of direct action, and he must accept the consequences of perpetuating a political institution which we believe to have outgrown its functions and become anomalous. On the abstract question of the rights of the workers to use direct industrial action for political purposes, I hold that the workmen's rights are unchallenged and unchallengeable. . . . When in future a conference is called to give its decision on the question of direct action versus political action, let it be upon a concrete fact, and if that fact is big enough, if it is unsocial enough, if it is sufficiently in antagonism to the best interests of the working class, I have no fear that the working classes will not say, "We will use to the very fullest capacity the power that we feel we possess to rid society of a tradition and an institution which dwarfs and threatens and thwarts the work-

ing class wherever they turn." *The antagonism between political and direct action will grow. It will reach its pinnacle when the industrial classes challenge the existence of the capitalist system. I warn you in preparation for that day, which may be far distant or may be near: Do not create a new tradition which will effectively prevent you from acting at the great historical moment.*

Direct action, then, is an unconstitutional instrument of increasing power in a state which has failed to devise organs of function for various groups inside it. It will increase its menace and take over activities until a new state has been created. That new state will give representation to occupational groups. The old parliamentary form of government, elected by citizens from geographical constituencies, will continue, but will divide the power with the new House, or Cabinet or Industrial Council.

England will modestly drape this brisk new member in the seven veils of ancient constitutional decency. By avoiding the short and ugly word Soviet, England will gently float through into the new order without hitting a rock or shaking out a ripple. Men don't fight because of ideas but because of words. And England knows how to use seasoned and acceptable and mossy words for revolutionary experiment. Webb reduced the salience of socialism to British terms and permeated the community. Cole tamed syndicalism till it behaves as politely as the lions of Hagenbeck, and can appear in that most traditional and God-fearing of all human assemblages, the British Trades Union Congress. England will call that a political adaptation which is an industrial arrival.

ARTHUR GLEASON.

LEO SHESTOV.

Leo Shestov is a contemporaneous Russian philosopher, about fifty-four years old, and almost unknown, to American readers. In his most recent volume, from which the following paragraphs are taken, he arranges his philosophy as Marcus Aurelius, Joubert, and Pascal arranged theirs, in the form of brief, unrelated, and aphoristic meditations.

THE summit of human existence, say the philosophers, in spiritual serenity, *aequanimitas*. But in that case the animals should be our ideal, for in the matter of imperturbability they leave nothing to be desired. Look at a grazing sheep, or a cow. They do not look before and after, and sigh for what is not. Given a good pasture, the present suffices them perfectly.

A HUNGRY man was given a piece of bread, and a kind word. The kindness seemed more to him than the bread. But had he been given only the kind word and no bread, he would perhaps have hated nice phrases. Therefore, caution is always to be recommended in the drawing of conclusions: and in none more than in the conclusion that truth is more urgently required than a consoling lie. The connexions of isolated phenomena can very rarely be discerned. As a rule, several causes at once produce one effect. Owing to our propensity for idealizing, we always make prominent that cause which seems to us loftiest.

A WRITER, particularly a young and inexperienced writer, feels himself under an obligation to give his reader the fullest answers to all possible questions. Conscience will not let him shut his eyes to tormenting problems, and so he begins to speak of "first and ultimate things." As he cannot say anything profitable on such subjects—for it is not the business of the young to be profoundly philosophical—he grows excited, he shouts himself to hoarseness. In the end he is silent from exhaustion. And then, if his words have had any success with the public, he is

astonished to find that he has become a prophet. Whereupon, if he be an average sort of person, he is filled with an insatiable desire to preserve his influence till the end of his days. But if he be more sensitive or gifted than usual, he begins to despise the crowd for its vulgar credulity and himself for having posed in the stupid and disgraceful character of a clown with lofty ideas.

THE source of originality: a man who has lost all hope of rooting out of himself a certain radical defect of character, or even of hiding the flaw from others, turns round and tries to find in his defect a certain merit. If he succeeds in convincing his acquaintances, he achieves a double gain: first, he quiets his conscience, and then he acquires a reputation for being original.

MEN begin to strive toward great ends when they feel they cannot cope with the little tasks of life. They often have their measure of success.

THE well-trodden field of contemporary thought should be dug up. Therefore, on every possible occasion, the generally-accepted truths must be ridiculed to death, and paradoxes uttered in their place. Then we shall see.

WE very often express in a categorical form a judgment of which we do not feel assured; we even lay stress on its absolute validity. We want to see what opposition it will arouse, and this can be achieved only by stating our assumption not as a tentative suggestion, which no one will consider, but as an irrefutable, all-important truth. The greater value an assumption has for us, the more carefully do we conceal any suggestion of its improbability.

MORAL people are the most revengeful of mankind, they employ their morality as the best and most subtle weapon of vengeance. They are not satisfied with simply despising and condemning their neighbour themselves, they want the condemnation to be universal and supreme: that is, that all men should rise as one against the condemned, and that even the offender's own conscience shall be against him. Then only are they fully satisfied and reassured. Nothing on earth but morality could lead to such wonderful results.

THE raptures of creative activity!—empty words invented by men who never had an opportunity of judging from their own experience, but who derive their conclusion syllogistically: "if a creation gives us such delight, what must the creator himself experience!" Usually the creator feels only vexations. Every creation is created out of the Void. At the best, the maker finds himself confronted with a formless, meaningless, usually obstinate and stiff matter, which yields reluctantly to form. And he does not know how to begin. Every time a new thought is engendered, so often must that new thought, which for the moment seems so brilliant and fascinating, be thrown aside as worthless. Creative activity is a continual progression from failure to failure, and the condition of the creator is usually one of uncertainty, mistrust, and shattered nerves. The more serious and original the task which a man sets himself, the more tormenting is the self-misgiving. For this reason even men of genius cannot keep up the creative activity to the last. As soon as they have acquired their technique, they begin to repeat themselves, well aware that the public willingly endures the monotony of a favorite, even finds virtue in it. Every connoisseur of art is satisfied if he recognizes in a new work the accepted "manner" of the artist. Few realize that the acquiring of a manner is the beginning of the end. Artists realize well enough, and would be glad to be rid of their manner, which seems to them a hackneyed affair. But this requires too great a strain on their powers, new torments, doubts, new groping. He who has once been through the creative rapture is not easily tempted to try again. He prefers to turn out work accord-

ing to the pattern he has evolved, calmly and securely, assured of his results. Fortunately no one except himself knows that he is not any longer a creator. What a lot of secrets there are in the world, and how easy it is to keep one's secret safe from indiscreet glances!

MORAL indignation is only a refined form of ancient vengeance. Once anger spoke with daggers, now words will do. And happy is the man who, loving and thirsting to chastise his offender, yet is appeased when the offence is punished. On account of the gratification it offers to the passions, morality which has replaced bloody chastisement will not easily lose its charm. But there are offences, deep, unforgettable offences, inflicted not by people, but by "laws of nature." How are we to settle these? Here neither dagger nor indignant word will serve. Therefore, for him who has once run foul of the laws of nature morality sinks, for ever or for a time, into subsidiary importance.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND THE TART SET

IT appears that the welfare of the nation is threatened by a new menace; and the danger is clearly ominous, for the enemy is under attack from both flanks. According to the reactionaries the college professor is undermining the foundations of society. He is talking about truth and the open mind. He is trying to base his opinions on the facts. And he has the effrontery to say what he thinks about politics and international affairs, and even about the market. Wherefore some of the timorous abuse him, and the rest try to save the State by feeding him into contentment.

At the same time he is assailed from the left wing for the reason that he is already content. He is, says Mr Boyd, in the first issue of the *Freeman*, a "professorial guardian of colonial precedents," an "intellectual satrap," a "colonial inquisitor," a "doctor and saint of literature," a pedagogue, a professor. This is mildly stimulating to the professor, who is not used to being taken seriously either for better or for worse. A gentle mauling relieves the monotony of his cloistered repose. What the reactionaries say fails to rouse in him anything but a hope that they are telling the truth—that if he is not red he is at least visibly tinged with pink. And what the newly wise say—the tart set—gratifies him by its proof that they are aware of him at all.

The tart set are just now making him the new burden of an old song; the song, begun in Revolutionary days, that American literature ought to be national, and that American writers and critics ought to be independent of old-world standards. It has echoed down the generations from Freneau to Whitman, and from Whitman via Hamlin Garland to the opening number of the *Freeman*. One of the features that proves the genuine vitality of this wholesome truth is that it has always been chanted as though it had just been revealed. One of the features that makes it pleasantly fresh today is that it is being stridently pealed forth by a chorus of young Americans whose composite derivation is obvious and recent, and whose acquaintance with the country as a whole has seldom taken them west of Tenth Avenue. And incidentally they are varying the harmony by building it over a kind of anti-academic counterpoint.

The tart set are amiable incarnations of the paradox they piously pursue. "It is precisely because," they say; and then they utter Chestertonian platitudes that are of all things unprecise, because they are sweeping expressions of temperament whose sole charm is their reckless unprecision. They preach the gospel of joy, frowning as desperately the while as the fiercest of boy bandits or the grimmest of the puritans against whom they inveigh. They must be supposed to laugh sometimes—it is inconceivable that they shouldn't; but the thought of laughter always reduces them to indignation at those who do not laugh. They can't enjoy the circus for the thought of those who have stayed at home. Their tone is that of a young man who doesn't really care for whiskey, but who drinks in bold defiance of his maiden aunt's prejudices. Indeed they devote themselves so intently to berating the living and blasting the dead that it is hard to find out what they really endorse; but on a second or third reading the fact appears. They endorse Each Other; and they revere their high priest, Mr. Mencken.

Far be it from any pedagogue to paint the lily by discoursing in general on the virtues of Mr. Mencken. He is with-

out doubt "bold, alert, independent, vigorous, and idiomatic;" he is also without doubt what follows in the train of these characteristics: versatile, prolific, and uneven. It is better to accept him as "quintessentially the critical mind of America," and to contemplate him in the light of his "Book of Prefaces," and his characteristic last word therein on Puritanism.

Nothing clarifies life so much as the experience of seeing only one thing at a time. It is at the base of most passion and most achievement. It accounts for love and murder and war-heroism and high finance and the grim zest of the reformer. It also accounts for the word "precisely," and for freedom of generalization that would be splendid if it weren't funny. The tart set hate the Puritan, and whenever they uncork the vials of their wrath (where they keep him always in pickle) he spreads out, genii-like, till he clouds the heavens. The rest is easy, and the result is shrill and prolonged outcries of which Mr. Mencken gives an example in a commentary on the Puritanism of the South. It is two and a half pages long; it begins with, "It is, indeed, precisely," and it ends with, "The only domestic art this huge and opulent empire knows is in the hands of Mexican greasers; the only native music it owes to the despised negro; its only genuine poet was permitted to die up an alley like a stray dog." In the intervening paragraph the sole defects of the South that are not charged against the heaven-darkening spectre, are the evils of the one-crop system and the high temperature of Yuma, Arizona.

If people do not talk too hard it is measurably true that "what they don't know won't hurt them"; but when they do talk too hard they serve themselves an ill turn by an avoidable betrayal of their ignorance. Thus, when Mr. Mencken states that "Our great humourists, including even Mark Twain, have had to take protective colouration, whether willingly or unwillingly, from the prevailing ethical foliage, and so one finds them leveling their darts, not at the stupidities of the Puritan majority, but at the evidence of lessening stupidity in the anti-Puritan minority," he makes the interesting revelation that he does not understand "Innocents Abroad" or "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" or "Joan of Arc," and that he has not read Mark Twain's War Prayer, or his protest at the indignity done to the remains of George Holland, or the controversy with Dr. Ament on the Boxer indemnities.

When Mr. Mencken comes to Whitman he dismisses him as "clearly before his time." The inference is that Mr. Mencken does not wish to admit his admiration for Walt because he is resolved to be unhappy at all American literature. And the implication is that possibly he does not care to acknowledge, or perhaps he does not know, that Whitman was the greatest Puritan of them all. Says Mr. Mencken, bitterly, "It needed no official announcement to define the function and the office of the republic as that of an international expert in morals, and the mentor and exemplar of the more backward nations." To which Whitman might have replied, had the years spared him: "It is precisely on this account that I once wrote,

Have the elder races halted,
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers, oh pioneers.

But Mr. Mencken's finest gesture is anent Emerson and the *Dial*. He has recently disposed of Emerson as "vague and empty" when (in Tassin's volume on "The Magazine in America") he comes on the old quarterly and applauds a passage on freedom of thought from its salutary in 1840. Yet times have changed, he says, and "As for the *Dial* it was till lately, the very pope of orthodoxy, and jealously guarded the college professors who read it from the pollution of ideas." There is a nice humor (or humour, as Mr. Mencken would spell it) in this. For Mr. Mencken does not seem to know that Emerson wrote the salutary which pleases him; that Emerson was promoter and one time editor of that Boston *Dial* discontinued in 1844; or that Cincinnati boasted another short-lived *Dial* before the war; or that the modern conservator of professorial innocence was not established until 1880. The reason for this ignorance, moreover, is not to be laid at the door of Tassin. It arises from the fact that to the tart set anything so remote as 1880 belongs to the dim and misty past.

To most of them, but not to all. One is tempted to pay tribute to the deftness and good humour with which Mr. Cabell presents the seventies and eighties, or with which Mr. Lindsay—who does not belong to any set—reverts to the "good old days of 1889"; but space will not allow of this or of other alluring pursuits of the theme.

After all, Mr. Mencken and his associates appear to a mere "professorial guardian of colonial precedents" to be a kind of recrudescence of the New York Bohemians of seventy years ago. They were very aggressive, very unconventional, and very clever. They were so amiable that even that valiant conservative, William Winter, loved them in spite of his convictions. They achieved little in permanent literature, but a good deal in contemporary journalism. And they helped to retrieve the balance of the times. Their "prince," Henry M. Clapp, was certainly a man of less substantial performance than Mr. Mencken, but he was not inferior in his hatred of the Puritans. "Whenever I think of Boston," said Henry Clapp, "it makes me as ugly as sin!"

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

PAINTING.

STANDARDS OLD AND NEW.

THE canons of criticism in the arts, especially painting, have all but disappeared. One by one the measuring sticks have been broken, and the artist who cannot lean upon the critic's staff for support does not in any event have to expose his back for castigation. The religious canon was naturally the first to go. For more than three centuries it has been possible to cultivate the profanities without affronting popular taste. The Holy Mother is no longer the indispensable handmaiden of the artist's career, and whether her banishment be due to a secular criticism of mediæval theology or to the eugenic contention that all motherhood is holy, the incubus of the religious *idée fixe* has completely lifted. The religious canon was succeeded by the scientific canon and on the whole the latter proved more difficult to demolish. If a painting was no longer to be an essay in nobility, the critic urged, it should at least be an experiment in science. The artist who could not be satisfied with the Beatitudes must in compensation devote himself to the Certitudes.

So, elaborately, Truth was capitalized. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the scientific spirit had made such deep inroads that Ruskin could justify Turner's claims as a painter by demonstrating his veracity as a naturalist. The later innovations of the impressionists, although they gained much for pure æsthetic delight, were essentially in line with the scientific tradition. Claude Monet showed, for example, how even the nature-loving Pre-Raphaelites had falsified the eye's reports by substituting the minutiae of acquired knowledge for the vision direct. By the end of the nineteenth century science had spoken its last word. The kodak had made linear truth inviolable; the camera obscura had established a science of colour. No one could paint studio shadows on a wood nymph bathed in sunlight without convicting himself of mealy falsehood: indeed the opposite vice of painting studio-scenes in open air lights became popular. Only the invention of a translucent pigment was necessary to make the triumph of science complete. Even a dessicated æsthete like Herbert Spencer was on the way to being satisfied. Toward the end of the scientific period in art some one discovered that men of towering ability had always managed to express their æsthetic vision without being either helped or handicapped by the prevailing canons. The common element in work as diverse as that of Giorgione, Turner, and Renoir was not the artist's respect for external standards but his reverence for the exquisite uniqueness of his inner lights. The great artists, according to those who held this view, had not used their eyes to explore nature; they had used nature to expose their souls. Why then, said

the modernist, should the artist cling so steadfastly to the immediate outer world: it was logically but one of a number of possible worlds which could be projected from within. Must the artist look beyond himself in order to find himself? The esoteric modernist art which accompanied and illustrated this critical conspectus has been wretchedly misconstrued. It is commonly looked upon as a return to the conception of art for art's sake; but as a matter of fact it attempts to recall the more antiquated tradition of art for personality's sake. The essence of contemporary innovation is not a magnification of visual ecstasy but a deification of personality. The unfortunate results one may expect from this emphasis should be apparent to anyone who is acquainted with the history of painting. The substitution of the personality for the product has been the chief error of classic criticism. This habit has tactily assumed that æsthetic interest necessarily attaches to the work of any duly canonized master. Hence the search for tricks of the brush, records of sale, and signatures has taken the place of honest discrimination between good works of art and bad, without regard to the unearned increment of reputation.

It is to this fallacy of over-weighting the personality that modernist art has committed itself. The effect upon the artist has been to buttress every weakness of idiosyncrasy. In the temple of personality art is completely sheltered from criticism, for the reason that all personality is sacred, and the capacity of an idiot has as much claim to respect as the insight of a genius. The result is that public art has all but ceased to exist. Every view of a modernist painting is an interview, and you cannot behave comfortably in its presence unless you are prepared to accommodate yourself to the peculiarities of the artist's personality. If he is a cubist you must enter an angular world; if he is an ovularist you must enter an egg-shaped world; if he is a phallicist you must journey into a region where Mons Veneris has become Mont Blanc. Instead of seeking to convey an æsthetic emotion the modernist is satisfied to contain it, and this gratification of his private self has been the ruin of his ability to achieve adequate expression. At best this personal art is a psychological mechanism for restoring the balance of an ill-adjusted organism. Its therapeutic value is undoubtedly enormous. But now that we have released ourselves from religious and scientific canons of artistic achievement we cannot without loss permit the modernist to erect a hygienic standard. The sort of picture which will relieve a psychosis will not necessarily infuse the beholder with æsthetic emotion. Frequently at a modern exhibition one's only sense is that of being witness to a family secret. The corpse of personality tends to moulder away and leave a skeleton rattling in the closet.

L. M.

POETRY.

THE CHILDREN.

There once was One who loved them,
Though in his heart he knew
What their elders would at last
Come to him and do.

And still through the smoke of anger
Stretches the pitying hand;
Where One is walking who has walked
Wounded in every land.

WITTER BYNNER.

MISCELLANY.

PRIVATE property: Yours as well as mine! Will the day ever come when that legend will replace the ugly warnings against trespass which snarl from dead tree-trunks at the intruder in the Westchester woodlands? No one can go out for a day's tramp in the country around Manhattan without feeling that America has completely defiled the spiritual possibilities of her economically virgin heritage. By restricting access to the land to those who have the right to its economic usufruct our tradition of ownership has sanctified stale isolations and privacies. This tradition served well enough, perhaps, in the days when the countryside needed only to be settled for agriculture, but now that the main uses of the city's hinterland are social rather than economic, the laws which safeguarded the farmer's crops from destructive beasts have become irritating anomalies.

THERE is no reason why the inviolacy of private property should be maintained on land whose only value lies in its feral aloofness. As matter of public hygiene unrestricted access to these open spaces, on Sundays and holidays at least, should be enjoyed by law until we are able to make some more stable provision for throwing the land back into the common stock. At present even the slender privilege of calling occasionally on our old rough mother is denied the handful of filial souls who turn away from the gardened proprieties of the Palisades or the reeking tumult of the seaside for the solitary communion of the Westchester Hills. The road one essays to leave is hedged by barbed wire; the hills one aspires to climb are topped by presumptuous castles; the woodlands one pines to wander through are infested by rascallions armed with testy authority—and guns perchance to boot. The free nymphs of the woodland one can follow blithely no more: they have become concubines in the harem of private property. The ridge from which one might once have gazed upon the silver-ribboned Hudson glinting against the mild, hazy light of a spring afternoon is sacred to the ground-keeper and his dog. The pedestrian visitor must remain in the valley-bottom, jarred by the incessant whiz of motors. Only the highroads are his, and the foulness thereof.

ONE of the capital failures of the Versailles treaty was the selection of an international capital. It is unfortunate that this particular decision should have been accepted so passively. The *locus* of the League's administrative system will probably endure longer than the present structure of the League, and if the new capital is cramped for space, poorly planned, and inadequately crossed by transportation-routes it will with difficulty draw to it the various institutes of scientific research, scholarship, and labour which should properly settle in the vicinity. Now, the proposal for a world-centre was not born at the peace settlement, and nothing but the nescient opportunism by which the little triumvirate was guided could have justified their deference to Mr. Wilson's personal bias for the home of Calvin and Rousseau. Long before Geneva became a candidate other cities were in the field. Brussels and Constantinople were among the sites indicated by Mr. H. C. Andersen in his magnificent prospectus for a world-capital.

NOR was it without geographical reason that M. Paul Otlet, of the Union of International Associations, recently put forward the claims of Brussels. Belgium is peculiarly a region of contact. It is the confluence of that stream of men and wares which has long moved westward through the Paris Basin and over the Prussian Plain from the Mediterranean and the Baltic. At the same time Brussels, through Antwerp, reaches out into all the ports of the western world, and by that fact it had become an international meeting place long before Byron and Thackeray made it known in English literature. The foundation of an international university

and the existence of an international institute of bibliography, to say nothing of the international institute of sociology, have made Brussels intellectually a cosmopolitan going-concern. To neglect its pre-eminence, incipient or established, is an act consonant only with that authoritative disregard for scientific procedure and expert opinion which reduced so many items of the treaty to gestures of feeble arrogance. This is not to say that the claims of Brussels are finally established. My plea is merely that the question should be thrown open again for examination. It is folly to hit upon the future centre for world-contacts in the casual atmosphere of a political debate. One might as well attempt to discover a new planet by focussing an opera glass in a fog.

EXCEPT for brief seasons in the larger cities, a few travelling opera companies and one or two permanent orchestras, there was little, up to the 'eighties, to indicate that this country held promise of considerable musical development. A professional musician was a thing apart; he was pigeon-holed with the painter, something between a mendicant and a fool. He found it necessary to wear his hair long and call himself Professor. The few serious students of music had to go abroad for their training, though some "took vocal" at the pale attempts that went under such colourful names as Grand Conservatory of Music. All of this has changed in two or three decades. Summer-night concerts by Theodore Thomas, Castle Garden concerts by Sam Franko, Sunday night concerts at Lenox Lyceum, summer concerts (for as little as twenty-five cents) at the then new Madison Square Garden under Anton Seidl, served to whet the popular appetite, and, with the annual series of the time-honoured Philharmonic and the regular visits of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Nikisch, Gericke, and their successors, a new musical generation was born in New York. True, the great Garden was often pitifully empty at the misnamed "Pops," and at Brighton Beach where, due to undaunted backing, Seidl held forth for years, the vacant seats were many. Those were wonderful nights when the mighty rhythms of Wagner syncopated with the roll of waves that broke against the ugly, barn-like structure.

TO-DAY New York is almost like Berlin, replete with concerts—recitals, chamber-music, choral and orchestral—with musical instruction profusely offered. And New York is not alone: every large town presents opportunities for the aspiring singer and instrumentalist. A notable attempt to integrate musical life by means of a permanent orchestra is being made in Los Angeles where, through the munificence of a Pacific Coast Higginson, a body of men under Walter Henry Rothwell is completing its first and highly successful season. It is good news for New Yorkers that Mr. Rothwell has been engaged for the concerts at the City College Stadium this summer; with a large orchestra of which the New Orchestra forms the nucleus, there is assurance that the attraction of this city as a vacation resort will be enhanced.

WHAT relation does this enthusiasm—so great as to make the "Standing Room Only" sign a common sight at concerts—bear to the creative impulse in music? After all, that is a serious test of its validity. The Society for the Publication of American Music has just reported that only thirty-two compositions conformed to the requirements of its competition, and that only six of these were worthy of publication. Is it possible that our love of music is only a superficial thing, another emotional release; that we are content with playing and singing and listening, and that nothing deeper is evoked? Surely, the hope of having a chamber-music work published must have prompted almost every composer to consider the competition seriously, because one's chances among the commercial publishers of music are meagre. In passing, it is curious to note that of the eight members of the Advisory Music Committee of the Society, only two—possibly three—are of American birth.

THE native New Yorker conducting his visiting friends down Broadway exhibits the spectacle of the Great White Way with an exaltation comparable with that of a Frenchman when he points to the Cathedral at Rheims as a proud national attainment, or to the German when he displays to a foreigner the Ehrenbreitstein fortress. And may be the New Yorker is right. Perhaps those pictures against the sky are indeed a faithful representation of the spirit of the city, a symbol of her industry, her prosperity, her energy, and her enterprise, and even something in the way of a national attainment. The street for twenty blocks and more is a great holiday spectacle of wondrous designs made up of every hue in the spectrum. Their motions are to as many rhythms as there are signs. They show waterfalls, rainbows, racing automobiles, ball-games, manuals of arms. They play with your eyes and lead them whither they will; they play so fast and dazzlingly that you can do nothing but let your eyes follow them up and down, in and out, around and over and across and back again. A huge bull in electric outline of red with horns and mouth of electric white stands solidly in mid-air, and the words around him flash on and off in changing colours. On the other side of the street higher still in the heavens a child driving a racing four-some of horses vigorously snaps a whip over them to symbolize the snap in the beverage which the sign advertises. An enormous picture farther down becomes with one set of flashed lights a city of night and with another a city at sunset. Over there a girl swings dizzily in space. At this corner, thousands of red, green and golden lights wriggle constantly around and about a squad of gesticulating manikins. . . . Up and down the street the wondering visitors go, among these trembling, oscillating, flickering, jumping, dancing lights. All the feverish restlessness of the city is typified in these twenty blocks. Here's the real New York! *Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*

JOURNEYMAN.

SCIENCE.

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY.

FIFTEEN years ago at a scientific congress held at St. Louis Professor Cattell pronounced words that in the light of later developments seem wonderfully prophetic. The pursuit of psychology for the love of knowledge, he said, appeared to him no worthier than a man's dalliance with chess; he hoped and foresaw the time when men in various walks of life would for their own practical purposes consult the psychologist as they now consult an engineer or a physician. Whatever may be thought of the exaggeratedly utilitarian twist Professor Cattell chose to give to his pronouncement, of its verification in progressively increasing measure during the period that has elapsed there can be no doubt whatsoever. The services the psychologists of to-day can render in the solution of practical problems have been carried home with unusual emphasis by the experiences of the war. In England, Dr. Rivers has been signally successful in employing Freudian methods in the treatment of shell-shock. Our own military officials were rapidly transformed from doubting Thomases as to the value of psychological methods into almost disconcertingly enthusiastic converts. "When confidence was once established," writes Dr. Raymond Dodge, who grappled with military problems relating to vision, "their faith in our ability to turn the desired tricks became an embarrassment, and the only limit to service was the limit to human endurance." Some notion of the variety and scope of questions dealt with during the war is conveyed by the recent Report of the Psychology Committee of the National Research Council. The conservatism of the experts consulted may be gathered from the fact that Marston's test for decep-

tion by measurement of blood pressure during cross-examination found only moderate favour with the Aristarchs of the Committee, though in a test series the percentage of correct judgments was as high as ninety-seven.

A recent book by Professor Carl Emil Seashore on "The Psychology of Musical Talent" (Silver, Burdett and Company) illustrates the practical utility of psychology from the vocational angle. Contributed to an educational series, the work has avowedly practical bearings. It sets forth with great thoroughness and lucidity the means for determining whether a given individual has those specific endowments that warrant the trials and expense of a professional career as musician, or even sufficient capacity for fruitful avocational employment. There is a fair amount of description of technical apparatus employed for this purpose, but the guiding principles and the main conclusions are simple and clear.

Instead of assuming a vague "musical gift," Professor Seashore analyzes this popular concept into a great number of factors, such as sense of pitch, auditory imagery, touch, memory. Each individual is tested for each quality and receives a percentile grade. That is to say, his *relative* rank is determined and expressed in terms of per cent, so that one person is found to belong to the lowest tenth, another to the second highest tenth of the group examined, and so forth. The subject's total record can then be easily tabulated and graphically represented, so that his deficiencies and strong points stand out in relief. Such charts have proved to possess high diagnostic significance. They reveal to teachers the precise nature of the difficulty they have to contend with and they also point the way to the discovery of unsuspected gifts.

Professor Seashore cites a highly characteristic incident in a comprehensive school survey. The psychological experimenter, who knew nothing about the children he was examining, came to single out two girls as exceptionally remarkable on the basis of their talent inventories. It turned out that one had enjoyed excellent advantages and that she was already scheduled for a public performance. Here, then, the objective test coincided with judgments already independently arrived at, and thus established its usefulness. But the second case is even more suggestive. The girl in question came from an indigent family, had enjoyed no musical education at home, and though she sang unusually well, had attracted no particular notice from her teachers. Her record as psychologically determined was so extraordinary with reference to all fundamentals as to reveal an unusual musical endowment. It indicated the probability of creditable, nay distinguished professional achievement; and by interesting a woman's club in the child's career the superintendent of the school succeeded in assuring her the musical opportunities which otherwise she would have been compelled to forego. In short, the systematic application of psychological experiment performs a social function, it directs natural ability into those channels in which it can display its maximum efficiency, and it prevents a useless frittering away of effort in activities that lie beyond the subject's inborn capacities.

Thus psychology in music as in war has undergone the pragmatic test and come out with flying colours. No wonder that some of its modern votaries should feel somewhat cocky about such patent success. They have painfully established the worth of their profession before an excruciatingly sceptical

public still swayed by the old prejudice against anything that ever was linked with so defiantly useless a branch of the curriculum as metaphysics. That public is ready to acclaim a science of advertising, but when self-styled psychologists venture to discuss such high-flow topics as interaction or the James-Lange theory of emotions they are seriously jeopardizing all the hard-won fruits of the practitioner's labours. Small wonder, then, that they are to him little better than anathema.

Yet there is not the slightest doubt that even from a strictly practical angle a purely utilitarian principle becomes absurd because it defeats its avowed ends. The engineer with an exclusively practical training encounters again and again practical problems that his meagre theoretical equipment is unfit to cope with. It is not otherwise in psychology. Nothing, assuredly, is less warranted than the contempt for the workshop that was once bred in academic bowers, for it is from the artisan that the scientist has ultimately sprung. On the other hand, it is equal folly to decry indulgence in speculation that rests on facts and by a provisional formulation of problems leads to the discovery of new facts. The antagonism of theory and practice is bound to dissolve on closer examination and in its place must develop a sane sense of amity and mutual helpfulness.

This conclusion is indeed strikingly borne out by Professor Seashore's book, for all its avowedly utilitarian trend. Thus, the analysis of musical talent into a host of constituent elements leads to a far more rigid definition of the largely theoretical problem of inheritance. No longer can the scientific biographer content himself with recording the mere phenomenon of a musically distinguished lineage: his task is to trace how the rhythmic sense or the sense of pitch or any other separable trait has been passed on from one generation to another.

Again, Seashore's inquiries lend strong support to that cornerstone of Galton's biological philosophy, the superiority of Nature over Nurture. The aptitudes that jointly constitute musical talent can be improved but very slightly by dint of education. Accurate annual tests prove that the pitch discrimination of an untrained pupil is not perceptibly altered by subsequent instruction. So the current opinion that the blind evolve an unusual sensitiveness to sound turns out to be merely a popular fallacy. An equal number of high-school students and of highly skilled inmates of a school for the blind were pitted against each other, and it appeared that for all their training the blind had not acquired a superior sensory apparatus: they simply had learned to make the most of their native capacities, to use them "in progressively more complicated and meaningful forms." But this theoretical conclusion has again most suggestive practical implications. If we can no more add a cubit to our musical stature than we can lift ourselves by our bootstraps, then the supposedly democratic policy of like treatment for all must yield to a sane segregation of children according to their gifts. Otherwise the talented pupil is hampered in development by enforced dawdling among his inferiors, while the dull child is humiliated by association with others whose effortless work lies beyond his proudest achievements. Thus, a theory of individual variability leads to a scheme of individualizing pedagogy. Theory and practice, instead of militating against each other, are in reality indissolubly intertwined.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

BOOKS.

THE AFTERMATH.

THE mills of the gods must have put in some modern machinery lately, for they grind as small as ever—and much faster. Not a year passed, after the armistice, before the grist began to pour. First, long ago, the secret treaties; then Bullitt; then Loreburn; then Keynes and Fisher; and now Dr. Dillon in "The Inside Story of the Peace Conference" (Macmillan) gives a comprehensive review of the *mêlée* of Paris. He does not spare the idols of the victors. For sublime incompetence, according to Dr. Dillon's estimate, the huxters of Versailles surpass anything raised in the purlieu of statecraft; and Dr. Dillon, having been familiar for nearly thirty years with all the European chancelleries, may be rated as a fair judge of diplomatic performances and of the necessary qualifications of European delegates. "In the old days we had men who not only knew something of European countries and their peoples, but something of the men who kept them under control," said an ambassador of the old school, on leaving Paris, in disgust, last summer. The sum of the matter is that there was not a single representative leader who rose above the mediocrity of a narrow nationalism when he reached the stage of peace-making. Nor is this remarkable; for if they had all been men of conspicuous wisdom and ability, their wisdom would have been sapped by the long exercise of irresponsible power, which conscription and the confiscation of public opinion had kept in their hands throughout the war. What, then, could be expected from such types as were assembled in Paris, all of whom were under this absolute disability?

The conflict of new claims, of new peoples, in new countries, could only be reported in an understandable manner by a man who knows Europe and Asia thoroughly, at first hand, as Dr. Dillon does. Dr. Dillon, furthermore, is one of the best linguists in Europe: and this of course, backed by his knowledge of diplomacy, enabled him to approach closer to the new problems than any one else in Paris. The chapter on The Lesser States is lucid and thorough, although disheartening enough, revealing as it does, the sublime incompetency of the men who delegated themselves for the task of settling the affairs of Europe.

The book is written with verve and with a sustaining sureness of touch. Its humour is excellent; the sallies, the anecdotes, the personal touches, the new lights on old characters, are given with brilliancy and point. It is a storehouse of essential information, and no one who will find interest in forth-coming new wars should be without it. The mothers of our lads ought not to miss the order issued by the General Staff of the 256th Brigade of the United States Army of Occupation. Those of us who were mortally shocked at the *canard* about the nationalization of women in Russia may ponder, as we read the official order given on page fifty-one of Dr. Dillon's book, the curious experiment in internationalization which it suggests. In summing up Dr. Dillon says:

Whatever the tests one applies to the work of the Conference—ethical, social, or political—they reveal it as a factor eminently calculated to sap high interests, to weaken the moral nerve of the present generation, to fan the flames of national and racial hatred, to dig an abyss between the classes and the masses, and to throw open the sluice-gates to the inrush of the waves of anarchist internationalities. Truth, justice, equity, and liberty have been twisted and pressed into the service of economic-political boards. In the United States the people who prided themselves on their aloofness are already fighting over European interests. In Europe every nation's hand is raised against its neighbours, and every people's hand against its ruling class. Every government is making its policy subservient to the needs of the future war which is universally looked upon as an unavoidable outcome of the Versailles peace. Imperialism and militarism are striking roots in soil where they were hitherto unknown. In a word, Prussianism, instead of being destroyed, has been openly adopted by its ostensible enemies,

and the huge sacrifices offered up by the heroic armies of the foremost nations are being misused to give one-half of the world just cause to rise up against the other half.

This pretty well expresses the opinion of most men who have more than a parochial knowledge of the problems erected by the conference at Versailles. As for dictators who make great capital out of winning wars, the book is conclusive as to their incapacity for making peace. It is as true today as it was in the time of the Greek and Roman Empires, that dictators may overthrow their enemies, but in doing so they destroy their own democracies.

Our financial and commercial interests might take Dr. Dillon's chapter headed Sidelights on the Treaty and study it closely. It reveals with a candour that takes one's breath away, an astonishing imposture practised upon the French people by their Ministers. For the first time Americans are told that:

... In October, 1918, the French government, in doubt about the full significance of that one of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points which dealt with reparations, asked officially for explanations, and received from Mr. Lansing the answer by telegraph that it involved the making good by the enemy of all losses inflicted directly and lawlessly upon civilians, but none other. That surely was a plain answer and a just principle. But, in accordance with the practice of secrecy in vogue among Allied European governments, the nation was not informed of these restrictive conditions, but was allowed to hug dangerous delusions.

That is to say, notwithstanding the information received from Mr. Lansing, the French Finance Minister, M. Klotz, declared to private individuals that *all* the new national debt of France would be wiped out by the enemy, and that milliards enough would be extracted from Germany to balance the credit and debit accounts of the Republic! In the Chamber, on 5 September, 1919, he said, "We shall receive 463 milliard francs, payable in thirty-six years, without counting the restitutions which will have been effected." When one thinks of the deplorable financial condition of France to-day, of her deplorable industrial condition, of the extreme uncertainty which her well-wishers feel about her future, one may profitably remember this prize fraud put upon her people by M. Klotz—uncontradicted and unrebuked by any of his associates who knew better.

CHEKHOV IN HIS LETTERS.

CHEKHOV, in his letters,¹ reveals himself as the gayest, the pluckiest, the most energetic and optimistic of souls: in his joyous abandon he reminds one of those little Dutch masters with whose art, in its form, its deftness, his own has often been said to have a certain affinity. Strange! this was the writer who, with pitiless insistence, dwelt on the vacuity and the fruitlessness of life, in whose pages everything ends in failure and ineptitude. "Chekhov," wrote Leo Shestov, "was the poet of hopelessness. Stubbornly, sadly, monotonously, during all the years of his literary activity, Chekhov was doing one thing only: by one means or another he was killing human hopes." Upon that point everyone agrees. But read his letters if you wish to see the picture of a happy and confident man.

It is true that the majority of these letters, selected by Mrs. Garnett from a larger mass, were written before Chekhov was thirty-five. It is true that after that time one finds him confessing to an unpleasant irritability, to a certain apathy. Very often he speaks of himself as bored; once he says, asking forgiveness for the figure: "When I write now or think I ought to write, I feel as much disgust as though I were eating soup from which I had just removed a beetle." But these moods are lost in his general exuberance, in his infectious gaiety. He is always "ready to eat a mountain," for him the joys of caviare never stale, nor do "the pies and pancakes and fritters and the fancy rolls!" Dostoevsky went through Italy deaf, dumb, and blind; he spent a month in Geneva

¹"Letters of Anton Chekhov to His Family and Friends." Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Co.

without even troubling to go out of doors, and it was not only because he had no trousers. But hear the poet of hopelessness in Venice: "You may put me in a madhouse. Gondolas, St. Mark's Square, water, stars, Italian women, serenades, mandolins, Falernian wine—in fact, all is lost!" That is the spirit the author of "The Black Monk" seems to have carried through life: on his deathbed he wrote that his health was coming back not by ounces but by hundredweights.

The explanation of all this offered by Leo Shestov is that Chekhov had overstrained himself: he does not say how, he does not even guess how; he attributes the strain to some invisible accident, he is satisfied with this key because the figure of the overstrained worker is a familiar one in Chekhov's writings. It is improbable that Shestov had read these letters: his study was written ten years or more ago. But we can see now that it was a true intuition. The tuberculosis that killed Chekhov at forty-four appeared before he was twenty-five: moreover, he so overworked himself at times, writing, keeping up his medical practice, and attending to his innumerable voluntary public duties, especially during the famine of 1892 and the cholera epidemic that followed it, that while he always behaved, as his brother said, "as though he were doing something trivial," he was, much of the time, "shattered and exhausted." Does not that sufficiently account for the "hopelessness" of his writings, a hopelessness of which he never permitted himself to become conscious?

You complain that my heroes are gloomy [he writes in a letter of 1897]. Alas! that's not my fault. This happens apart from my will, and when I write, it does not seem to me that I am writing gloomily: in any case, as I work, I am always in excellent spirits. It has been observed that gloomy, melancholy people always write cheerfully, while those who enjoy life put their depression into their writings. And I am a man who enjoys life.

It was this, no doubt, that made Chekhov the natural interpreter of the years of stagnation, reaction, repression that followed the assassination of Alexander II and the downfall of liberal ideas. Never was a man more in love with activity, life, growth; never was a man more instinctively confident in human nature and its possibilities. How he delights, in his journey through Siberia, to find the Jews enjoying "universal respect," how it pleases him to find the Polish exiles "good, hospitable, and very refined people!" Of the Tartars he likes to record that "everyone speaks well of them." "My God," he exclaims, "how rich Russia is in good people!" How he detests the commonplace, the stale, the flat! In his love of gardening, in his lifelong pleasure in planting trees, one discerns a sort of symbol of that sympathy with the creative process, that desire to find in everything expansion, stir, development. And, in fact, he never lost his faith in progress. In one of his early letters we find him sketching the story of a young man, the son of a serf, who squeezes the slave out of himself till, one beautiful morning, he wakes up feeling that he has no longer a slave's blood in his veins but a real man's. "From my childhood," he writes later, "I have believed in progress, and I could not help believing in it since the difference between the time when I used to be thrashed and when they gave up thrashing me was tremendous." And, toward the end, he notes with satisfaction how "science is advancing and advancing, social self-consciousness is growing, moral questions begin to take an uneasy character." No, the conscious Chekhov was certainly not hopeless; it was the unconscious Chekhov which, just because of these intense desires and sympathies, looked with a horrified fascination upon the "flabbiness, the staleness, the dullness" of that epoch, and found itself, racked as it was, irresistibly drawn toward those types of exhaustion and maladjustment that filled the whole stage of the contemporary educated class. He denies that his heroes are "failures," saying that "to divide men into the successful and the unsuccessful is to look at human nature from a narrow, preconceived point

of view." But how keenly he feels that the period in which he lives is a period in which "we lack 'something'"—a goal, objects, that sense of what life ought to be which is the concomitant of all vivid spiritual activity. What draws him is the spectacle of disappointment, apathy, nervous limpness and exhaustion:

I have been cherishing, [he says] the bold dream of summing up all that has hitherto been written about whining, miserable people, and with my Ivanov saying the last word. It seemed to me that all Russian novelists and playwrights were drawn to depict despondent men, but that they all wrote instinctively, having no definite image or views on the subject.

To be an artist, a poet, without clear and passionate desires, is, he writes, impossible: "lift the robe of our muse, and you will find within an empty void." Well, then, he will be a scientist, a diagnostician, he will carry over into fiction, if not to heal, at least to probe, to examine, to divine, the stoical impersonality of the surgeon.

In his letters we can watch this austere view of the artistic vocation taking form in Chekhov's spirit. At twenty-seven, he says: "Of all the Russians now successfully writing I am the lightest and most frivolous. . . I have loved my pure muse but I have not respected her."

I don't remember a single story over which I have spent more than twenty-four hours, and "The Huntsman," which you liked, I wrote in the bathing-shed. I wrote my stories as reporters write their notes about fires, mechanically, half-unconsciously, taking no thought of the reader or myself.

It is not long, however, before, with the lapse of his medical career, he comes to take the detached impartial attitude which, for him, implied so many sacrifices, the attitude that made him the enemy of all philosophic, religious, and political dogmas. Detachment as the essential condition of objectivity!

Don't you feel stifled, [he asks a fellow-writer in Petersburg] with such words as "solidarity," "unity of young writers," "common interests" and so on? Solidarity and all the rest of it I admit on the stock-exchange, in politics, in religious affairs, etc., but solidarity among young writers is impossible and unnecessary.

Later, speaking of a novel of Bourget's, "as to its defects, the chief of them is his pretentious crusade against materialism. Forgive me, but I can't understand such crusades. They never lead to anything and only bring needless confusion into people's thoughts." Later still, "I am afraid of those who look for a tendency between the lines, and who are determined to regard me either as a liberal or as a conservative. I am not a liberal, not a conservative, not a believer in gradual progress, not a monk, nor an indifferentist. I should like to be a free artist and nothing more." And again, in 1895: "By all means I will be married if you wish it. But on these conditions: everything must be as it has been hitherto—that is, she must live in Moscow while I live in the country, and I will come and see her. Happiness continued from day to day, from morning to morning, I cannot stand." He, who was so fitted to expect much from life, cut himself off from all the groups and movements that console weaker men and confronted the stark reality of an age without sun or stars. What was his view of the writer's task?

You are right in demanding that an artist should take an intelligent attitude toward his work, [he writes to his friend] but you confuse two things: *solving a problem and stating a problem correctly*. It is only the second that is obligatory for the artist. In "Anna Karenin" and "Evgeny Onyegin" not a single problem is solved, but they satisfy you completely because all the problems are correctly stated in them. It is the business of the judge to put the right questions, but the answers must be given by the jury according to their own lights.

And again: "My business is merely to be talented—i. e., to know how to distinguish important statements from unimportant, how to throw light on the characters, and to speak their language. . . It is time that writers, especially those who are artists, recognized that there is no making out anything in this world, as once Socrates rec-

ognized it, and Voltaire, too." From this position he never deviated. But if he realized that for him the impartial attitude of the observer was the only possible attitude, it was not because he felt that science should have the last word.

Let me remind you, [he writes to Suvarin] that the writers, who we say are for all time or are simply good, and who intoxicate us, have one common and very important characteristic; they are going toward something and are summoning you toward it, too, and you feel not with your mind, but with your whole being, that they have some object. Some have more immediate objects—the abolition of serfdom, the liberation of their country, politics, beauty, or simply vodka, like Denis Davydov; others have remote objects—God, life beyond the grave, the happiness of humanity, and so on. The best of them are realists and paint life as it is, but, through every line's being soaked in the consciousness of an object, you feel, besides life as it is, the life which ought to be, and that captivates you. And we? We! We paint life as it is, but beyond that—nothing at all. . . . We have neither immediate nor remote aims, and in our soul there is a great empty space.

There is the motto of all Chekhov's writings, there is the special insight that made him so perfect an interpreter of his age.

V. W. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

A FORMIDABLE problem has arisen for the American critic, a problem that grows more and more complicated, more and more fascinating from season to season, the problem of the Adams family. And it can be safely predicted that among the outstanding books of the next few years there will be one with some such title as *The Pessimism of the Adamses*. For this book the documents continue to accumulate. Henry Adams' "Education," Charles Francis Adams' "Autobiography," Brooks Adams' "Law of Civilization and Decay" are not the last of the testaments of that extraordinary triumvirate of brothers, whose points of view have so much in common. Brooks Adams, the least known, in his long introduction to "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma" (Macmillan), his brother Henry's "letter to teachers of history," reveals himself not only as a powerful contributor to the Adams intellectual complex but also as an equally powerful variant of the Adams character. Much would the author of that future study give for a third autobiography, the confession of the only one of the three who stayed in Boston and kept his pew in the church at Quincy.

THERE is an Adams family philosophy, as peculiar a possession as the Adams family manner. This "heritage" Mr. Brooks Adams traces directly to his grandfather, the sixth President, to him "the most interesting and suggestive personage of the early nineteenth century." (So fixed is this belief in the importance of the fountain-head of the Adams creed that he used to urge his brother, after continuing his "Mont St. Michel" down to the Reformation, to write a culminating volume, from the Reformation to John Quincy Adams.) In the present book, his aim is to show how Henry's beliefs were the outgrowths of his grandfather's experience. John Quincy Adams had devoted his life to a single political object, the "system of internal improvement by means of national energies." He believed in the democratic principle, he believed that by a collective effort the American people could so conserve their unlimited resources as to be raised forever beyond the danger of competition, slavery, and war and enabled to "establish the practical, self-evident truth of the natural equality and brotherhood of all mankind." Then came Jackson with the spoils system, the abandonment of all internal improvement, the flood of competition, and Adams saw the American Union, as a moral person in the family of nations, condemned to live from hand to mouth. He lost his faith in Providence and the dominance of reason, he felt that the ape and the tiger in man would never be unseated again, and his life went down in failure. That is the belief which Henry Adams

inherited and which, using the theory of averages, he worked out in the pitiless, mechanistic argument of the latter half of this book. It is a sad and enervating belief, akin to that which the circumstances of our own time have enforced upon many minds throughout the world.

BUT how much of this pessimism is due to the peculiar situation of the Adams family itself? How much to its inherited Calvinism? How much to the singular exaggeration of its own importance, and especially to the importance of one phase of the American experiment? How much, above all, to the fact that the Adamses were cut to the pattern of eighteenth century statesmen and found themselves like fresh-water fish in the deep sea? Introspective as they are, they have never asked these questions and it is just because of these questions that the formidable problem of the Adamses remains so fascinating. The second "Education," when it comes to be written, will be at least as interesting as the first, even though, like the first, it be self-condemned to sterility.

THE atmosphere of the Adamses is one of a profound distrust of human nature: sink yourself in it and you almost forget that life renews itself, that life is perpetually reborn in hope, good will, intelligence, love. Men like Carleton H. Parker are the best answer to the Adams argument. Parker has already become almost a legendary figure: his enthusiasm, his vitality, his big-hearted understanding of life made him the type, one should like to think, of the American student. Not an original thinker, he had been brooding over the problems of labour unrest until he was nearly forty before he finally found his key in the Freudian psychology: thereafter, till his death in 1918, his spirit at the highest pitch, his mind incandescent, he applied himself to the analysis of the situation of the unskilled worker, especially in the West. His four chief contributions which form, not in their theoretic basis but in their field of application, one of the pioneer documents of contemporary American thought, have now been collected in "The Casual Laborer and Other Essays" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe.) Here we have his well-known study of the I. W. W., his analyses of the California casual, and the remarkable paper, "Toward Understanding Labor Unrest," the germ of the great book he would have written. No writings of our time reveal a bigger vision than these, a more lucid, luminous intelligence.

VERY impressive is the force of feeling behind the essays and sketches and poems of W. E. Burghardt Du Bois' "Darkwater" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe.) In a sense the successor of Booker Washington, the editor of the *Crisis* reveals himself here as a very different type of leader and one far less digestible from the traditional American point of view. Where Booker Washington was a Fabian, Du Bois is a temperamental insurgent: he is, for the Negroes, a nationalist of the true Mazzinian stripe. But, before everything else, he is a poet, a poet who knows how to handle statistics; bitter, passionate, eloquent. He is a thinker, too: well-conducted are his arguments on the position of Negro women, on the Negro as servant, on the status of the black race in international affairs. What will shock many readers into thinking on their own account is Mr. Du Bois' disillusionment with America as a moral protagonist in the new era. "Instead of standing as a great example of the success of democracy and the possibility of human brotherhood," he says, "America has taken her place as an awful example of its pitfalls and failures, so far as black and brown and yellow peoples are concerned. . . . America, Land of Democracy, wanted to believe in the failure of democracy so far as darker people are concerned." As the spokesman of the Negro race he thus ranges himself beside the representatives of the immigrant population who, disabused and unassimilated, confront the assumptions of American history with a terrible question which the next generation will have to answer.

On tradition—

"Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind."

THUS Emerson. THE FREEMAN is for mildly unseating things so that mankind may again ride. We do not believe that "Whatever is, is right," but that whatever is must survive investigation and analysis. THE FREEMAN expects to become a rallying point for those who respect the future as much as the past, who believe that yesterday existed for us to build upon, not to burrow under. It does not, by any means, think that the past is useless and is to be disposed of unceremoniously. Quite the contrary. The radical of to-day hopes to rescue those old freedoms that will make "new freedoms" and political panaceas unnecessary.

Do you believe in the old freedom?

If so, you probably associate with people of like mind. Send us their names and addresses so that we may send sample copies of THE FREEMAN as an invitation to join the group.

IN our most confident moments before publication, if anyone had suggested to us that in the space of three weeks there would be definite signs of the integration of a FREEMAN group, even we would have smiled indulgently. But there are such signs. They come to us in letters, from newsdealers and by word of mouth. The writer of this advertisement attended a public dinner at the Hotel Astor, New York, last week; the diners represented the five boroughs that compose the town and the seating arrangement was informal. Yet three persons at this particular table (which was set for eight), were readers of THE FREEMAN. One was formerly president of a Brooklyn college, the second is principal of a large boys' school and the third is an importer.

At one large railroad news stand the order for No. 2 of THE FREEMAN was two-thirds larger than its supply of No. 1. In the Columbia University district a newsdealer sold fifty copies of No. 2, and asked for more. The fame of our first number is abroad, and almost every subscriber asks that we begin with No. 1. Unfortunately, from now on, we shall have to decline these requests, though we hope to secure some more copies of that issue before long.

The many evidences that our subscribers and other readers are our friends prompt us to request their kindly co-operation in acquainting proprietors of newsstands with the value of this paper. The matter of circulation is a difficult one at first, in spite of the friendly assistance of the distributors. Many people have told us of this newsdealer or that who does not carry THE FREEMAN. If you have been thus disappointed will you not send us the name and address of such dealer?

In passing, we may mention again that your interests can best be served by having THE FREEMAN brought to your door by post. The appended form serves equally for an annual or a test subscription. Will you use it?

Newsdealers sell THE FREEMAN for 15 cents.

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